This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

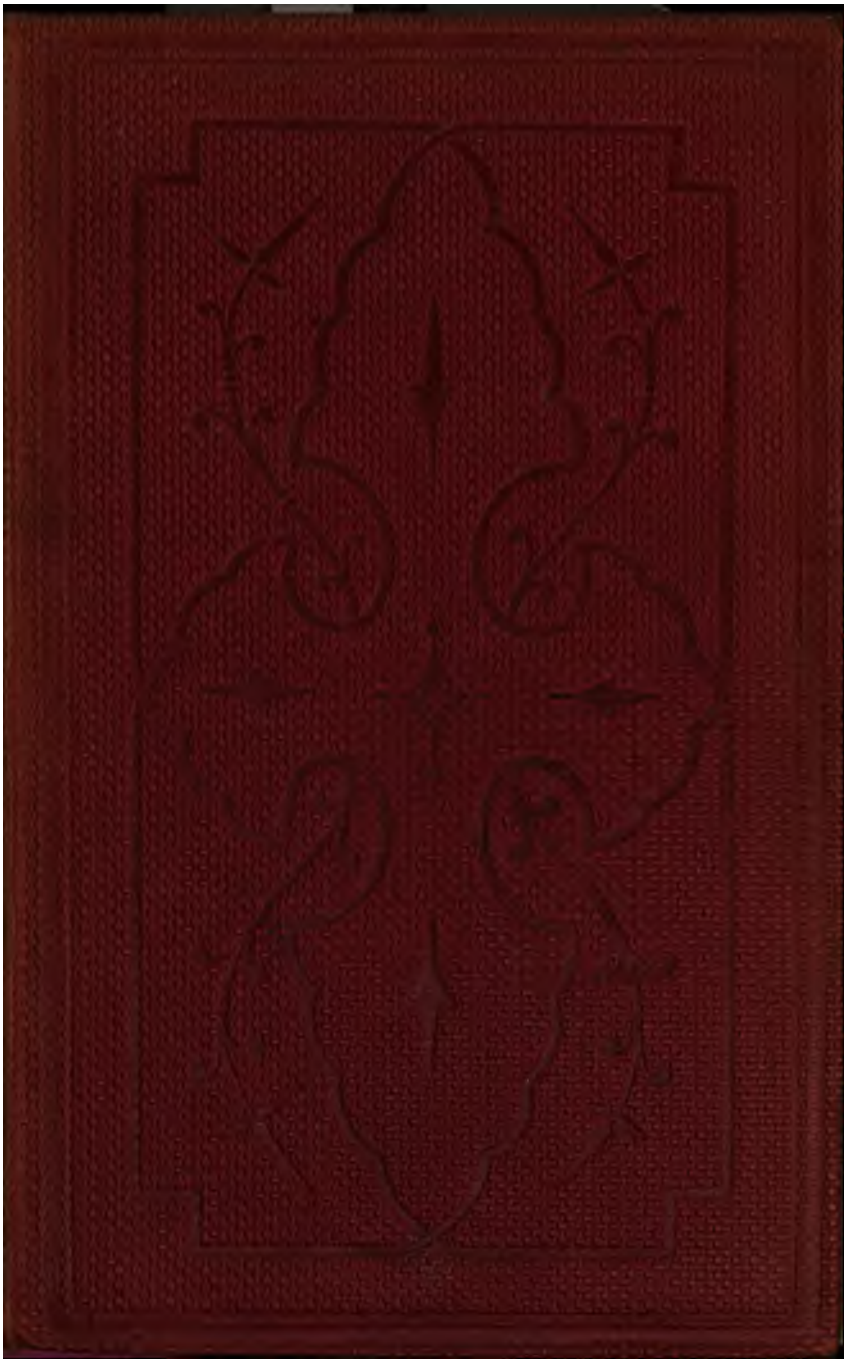
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



600080998/

# THE BROAD ROAD

AND

# THE NARROW WAY:

A BRIEF MEMOIR

OF

ELIZA ANN HARRIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE FEMALE JESUIT."

LONDON:
JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.
M.DCCC.LIX.

210. m. 157.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
PAUL'S WORK.

# CONTENTS.


I. Previous Travellers, . . . . 1

II. The Broad Road, . . . . . 13

III. The Narrow Way, . . . . 25

IV. "The Religion of Common Life," . 35

V. Indications of the Inner Life, . 43

VI. A Home Mission, . . . . . 59

VII. A Social Mission, . . . . 69

VIII. Companionship by the Way, . . 89

IX. The Last Stage of the Journey, . 103

X. The City Gate, . . . . . 119

# I.

# Previous Travellers.

---

"Differing paths conduct the pilgrims
Toward the goal of happiness:
Some wind cheerless through the desert
Yet e'en there doth gladness blossom,
Solacing the thirsty one!"

KLOPSTOCK, 1789.

VARIOUS interesting memoirs of young persons, distinguished by piety and talent in the higher walks of life, have recently appeared; while, on the other hand, not a few cases like those of "The Dairyman's Daughter," and "The Young Cottager," are frequently confirming the testimony, that "God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith." But there is a medium class, which, attracting less attention, and commanding fewer biographers, has scarcely supplied its due proportion of instruction and encouragement. A large class it is, more accessible to religious impression and effort than either, exercising a widely-extended influence on the grades immediately above and below itself, and the rank from which we must chiefly look for laborious and competent workers in the Church of Christ.

Of this class was the young friend whose brief history is here recorded; and it is with a special view to the welfare of that large and interesting

portion of society to which she belonged that this little book is attempted. At the same time, there is much in her earnestness of purpose —in her unobtrusive activity—in her "piety at home," and her consistency abroad—in her humility and self-forgetfulness—in her daily walk and constant progress, and in her calm, and lowly, and believing end, which may be read with interest, and it may be hoped with profit, by all classes. To rouse some thoughtless one from that wild dream of pleasure in which *she* once indulged,—to raise the standard of some young Christian above that which friendly partiality and general profession deem sufficient; or to encourage some timid and trembling, but earnest-minded Christian, by a record of the grace and strength vouchsafed to her last hour; are the objects chiefly desired and kept in view.

One feature of interest will certainly be found to characterise this narrative. It is the absence of all reserve or concealment. The nearest relatives have kindly permitted and approved of the utmost frankness in regard to everything which could throw light on the great change effected by Divine grace in one so dear to them; and many points, usually kept back by the delicacy of friends, are here frankly stated.

It is narrated of Dr Payson that, shortly before his death, he requested that a paper might be placed on his breast, with this verse, "Remember the words that I spake unto you while I was yet present with you," to be read by all who came to look at his corpse, and by which he, being dead, might still speak. The last earnest desire of this dear girl that she might say something in death to benefit those whom she loved, breathed a similar spirit. May her dying appeals obtain a wider hearing through this medium, and find an echo in some heart hitherto closed against more direct admonitions!

---

During the lengthened national struggles of the last century, a fine young man, of the name of George Harris, was pressed on board an English man-of-war. He distinguished himself in the service on which he had so unwillingly entered, and was rapidly promoted for his good conduct. He was present in eighteen engagements, served under Lord Nelson in several battles, and at length became master of His Majesty's ship *Enchantress*.

There is a chapel in Bristol which originated

with the era of George Whitfield, and in which he frequently preached. The pious man who led the singing there some fifty years ago, for his skill in music was called by courtesy Dr Phillips, and composed the tune known by the name of "New Sabbath." He, and his equally excellent wife, had a daughter, Ann, to whom young George Harris, when visiting Bristol, became attached. Her parents at first objected to his suit, but his piety and exemplary character overcame their objections, and he was married to Ann Phillips in 1806. Their eldest child was named Henry; the second, Nelson, after the great commander under whom Mr Harris had served; and the third, John. The fourth was a daughter. About the year 1814, Mrs Harris spent a week with her husband at Portsmouth, and she often spoke subsequently, with pleasure and pride, of the perfect order maintained on board the ship which he regulated. An oath was never heard, and he had procured Bibles for all his men—a point not then so easy of attainment as now.

Happy in his wife and children—with youth, health, and energy—with the esteem of men, and the favour of God—the master of the *Enchantress* had a fair prospect of rising to wealth

and distinction. He had already begun to make provision for those dear to him on earth. Well was it that he had not neglected to lay up treasure in heaven! In December 1816, he was sent to Ireland in the ship *Greyhound*, with despatches from the Government. On the 24th —Christmas Eve—he wrote to his wife from on board the vessel, expressing his hope of being with her on New Year's day; but if any unexpected hindrance should arise, he reminded her that they could take comfort in meeting at a throne of grace, to pray for each other and for their children. On the 29th the welcome letter had reached her, and, with a wife's thoughtfulness, she was engaged in various domestic preparations for his eagerly anticipated return. While thus occupied, a friend, who lived in the Hotwell Road, a short distance from her, heard some men crying in the street. He listened, and caught the words—"Lost, on the Nass Sands, his Majesty's ship *Greyhound*, and all on board perished." With thoughtful sympathy, he went out to stop the men, bought their silence, and sent them away, while he went to request the kind offices of the widow's pastor, in breaking the sad tidings to her. She received the intelligence more calmly than had been an-

ticipated, and expressed her thankfulness that she still had children to love and to live for—treasures bequeathed to her by her departed husband. Referring to this period in after years, she said that the text, "I shall yet praise Him for the light of His countenance," often recurred to her mind during that all but overwhelming sorrow. She was then thirty-three years of age: her husband three years older. He had received considerable sums in prize-money, which he had placed in the hands of a ship-agent, as provision for his family in the event of his death. A week after the event, the widow wrote to the agent, and found that he had absconded with the whole, and left her penniless. Every effort to trace him failed; and in about four months, her maternal responsibilities were increased by the birth of another daughter.

So unusual an accumulation of trials called forth much Christian sympathy. The now venerable rector of Clifton, the Rev. John Hensman, who felt much esteem for her piety and general character, kindly collected among his friends a sum of money, with which she set up business, in Clifton, as a milliner and dressmaker, and from that time maintained herself

and children without further assistance. She refused a very advantageous offer of marriage early in her widowhood, as well as others subsequently, devoted herself assiduously to the support and religious instruction of her children, and carried her husband's last letter about her to her dying day. She possessed much weight of character, and seemed to be endowed with equal fitness for both worlds. Her course seemed an illustration of the homely but true proverb, "God helps those who help themselves." Yet hers was emphatically a life of prayer, and, in the scriptural sense, she did indeed "pray without ceasing." Her daughter often awoke in the night, and heard her pouring out her heart in prayer for her children and grandchildren. How, in after years, these prayers were answered, the subsequent history will shew.

Mrs Harris's youngest son, John, married at an early age. His first little daughter, Eliza—the subject of the following sketch—was born in the year 1834. She often went to see her grandmother, accompanied by her little cousin George. Sometimes the children remained several days. Their grandmother was specially pleased to have them with her on Sundays,

and after they left, made them the subject of earnest prayer. She felt considerable anxiety in regard to Eliza, predicting that she would be no negative character, but distinguished by pre-eminence either in good or evil. The ardour and ingenuousness of the child's disposition encouraged her hopes, while her self-willed and passionate temper awakened her fears.

On one occasion, when George and Eliza were spending the day with this revered relative, she talked to them, as was her wont, of the love of Jesus, and asked them if *they* did not love *Him?* George, with filling eyes, answered, "Yes," while Eliza replied, "No, grandmother—not a bit!" There was no evidence of her heart being less open to impressions of gratitude or sympathy than those of other children, but, unable to realise the circumstances, she shrank not from an avowal which many children, and probably as many grown persons, would have hesitated to make; and with the fearless truthfulness which even at that early age marked her character, refused to acknowledge one feeling of which she was unconscious.

In 1839, when little Eliza was five years old, this excellent woman was suddenly removed by a fit of apoplexy, and many years passed before

the wishes of her heart were realised. That they *were* realised, after fifteen years' interval, may be an encouragement to similar faith and prayerfulness in the case of other Christian parents and relatives.

## II.

# The Broad Road.

---

"When I looke back, and in myselfe behold
The wandring waies that youth could not descry,
And marke the fearful course that youth did hold,
And mete in minde ech step youth strayed away;
My knees I bow, and from my heart I call,
O Lord, forget these faultes and follies all.

* * * * * *

"Thou, that to life by power didst raise the dead;
Thou, that restordst the blind to perfect sight;
Thou, that for love Thy life and love outblead;
Thou, that of favour madest the lame go right;
Thou, that canst heale and helpe in all assayes,
Forgive the guilt that grew in youth's vaine waies."

LORD VAUX, 1580.

SEVERAL years have passed since the event with which the last chapter closed; and Eliza, who was then a little self-willed child, has reached the age of sixteen. Having no portrait to present as a frontispiece, the reader must try to picture her. Her features are neatly moulded and well proportioned; her voice is clear, her step is light, her spirits are buoyant; her figure is neat and slender, and she might be considered pretty, but that her eye wants the brightness, and her cheek the hue, of perfect health. Sickness has left its traces on her countenance, and hidden seeds of which she and her friends are unaware.

Several dangerous illnesses marked Eliza's childhood; and at the age of ten, when brought very low by scarlet fever, her medical attendant gave it as his opinion that she would eventually go off in consumption,—that she might live till thirty, but not longer. As she grew in strength and stature, the recollection of this prophetic

warning seems to have passed from the minds of her relatives, till recalled by its subsequent fulfilment. She, at least, never suffered it to trouble her. That there could be any other world to live for than this, was a thought which either never entered her mind, or was dismissed as speedily as possible.

The circumstances in which Eliza was placed were favourable to health and pleasure. Her father occupied a respectable position as a master carpenter and builder, and employed a considerable number of men under him. He was able to provide for the education of his daughters without any demand upon their own exertions. Eliza's home was agreeable and comfortable, situated in the pure air and beautiful neighbourhood of Clifton Down. In front of the house was the pleasant green of the Down, with the shady seats under the spreading chesnut trees, so identified with her subsequent history. To the right was Christ Church, and to the left rose St Vincent's Rocks. Eliza had a piano and a green-house. She loved music and flowers, and could indulge in those innocent pleasures. But she had other and less simple tastes. She already loved the world, and panted for its unrestrained enjoyment.

It was at the age of sixteen that Eliza was sent to a boarding-school. Mrs B——, who conducted it, was a kind, conscientious, and pious woman, and was much distressed by the inveterate dislike which her pupil manifested, to everything of a religious character. A high-spirited girl, impatient of control, and disliking all serious things and serious people, she appeared to be, of all her pupils, the least accessible to admonition and instruction. On one occasion she called Eliza into her room, and talked to her earnestly and affectionately on the themes, so all-important, and yet so unwelcome to young persons—the value of the soul, the uncertainty of life, and the possibility of an early grave. At length Eliza wept, said that she would really think over what had been said to her, and promised to begin to pray. She returned home for the holidays, and appeared to be slightly influenced by the conversation with her governess. But long before the holidays were over, all impression had passed away, and she went back to school as thoughtless and irreligious as before.

Weeks passed on; the recess approached, and again Mrs B—— called Eliza aside, and tried to win her to thoughtfulness and prayer, but on

this occasion with very different effect. She was excessively annoyed and offended, said that her governess had no business to interfere with her thoughts and feelings, and carried her displeasure so far, that on her return home she entreated her father not to allow her to go to school again, as she "did not choose to be talked to in that style." She gained her point, and returned to school no more! She took lessons at home in music, singing, and dancing; also in dress-making, not as a business, but simply with a view to being useful in her family; and here, with the addition of a great deal of "light reading," it may be said that her education for this world ended. Her mind was, to a great extent, undisciplined and uncultivated, and her thoughts being ever employed about the most frivolous subjects, she was as unaccustomed to mental effort as to self-restraint.

Thus "finished" according to her own views of education, Eliza plunged into the world with a heartiness and energy which could scarcely be surpassed. Her first thought on Monday morning was, "How can I amuse myself this week? To what parties, concerts, dances, can I go on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday?" The large workshop in which her father's

men worked, was occasionally extemporised into a ball-room. Dress occupied a good deal of her attention, and much of her time and more than her allowance were spent in devising pretty and tasteful dresses. She had a sweet voice, and sang and played with taste, but no hymns of praise were heard from her lips. Her manners were exuberantly gay, and her conversation was frivolous in the extreme. She could not endure the slightest check or opposition. Her one object was self-gratification, and she realised the description of the apostle, "She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth."

Let it not be supposed that Eliza was naturally unamiable. She was affectionate and grateful, frank and generous. Everything she thought and felt was fearlessly uttered, and where she loved, it was with all the energy of her nature. But worldliness was encrusting her heart with selfishness, and rendering it callous to the claims alike of her Father in heaven, and of His family on earth. Rarely has the enmity of the natural heart against God been more strikingly manifest than in her case. She had heard the gospel for years, but had resolutely, and almost literally, closed her ears against its invitations. When she took her

seat in chapel, she would deliberately say to herself, "Now, what shall I think about?" and having laid out a little programme for her own entertainment before the service began, she succeeded in so effectually withdrawing her attention, as not to have the least idea at the close what the sermon had been about. Her dislike to religious subjects and religious people, amounted to repugnance. She had a pious aunt, whose society she uniformly shunned. One day, when unavoidably brought into contact with her, she endeavoured to prevent any serious remark by rattling on in her usual style about balls, dress, &c. Her aunt's look of distaste brought her to a stand. "You do not like to hear of these things, aunt?" "No, my dear, and I think a day will come when you will not like them either." "Oh, aunt, that day will never come to me! I always intend to go on as I do now." But that day was nearer than she supposed.

In approaching that period, to her so all-important, so charged with overwhelming interest, let not the reader expect to find the excitement of some romance in real life. Its interest rests not upon romantic incidents, but upon that great transition, in comparison with which

the fluctuations of the most eventful earthly course are but as the merest trifles, and the importance of which can be estimated by those only who have experienced the like transformation.

When, somewhat more than a century ago, the race of creatures lowest in the scale of animated existence was brought under observation, the wisest men of Europe were full of wonder and excitement. The commencement of independent life in some specimen of a newly discovered genus, the adaptation of its tiny organs, and the development of its feeble powers, were watched, and investigated, and compared, with entrancing interest and delight. And shall the commencement of spiritual life in an intelligent and immortal being, awaken less emotion than the organisation of a polype or a medusa—a creature with life so unintelligent, so sluggish, and so unsubstantial, that for ages it was not known to possess life at all? The existence of a whole race of zoophytes has been produced by one volition of the Creating Will, while each regenerated spirit owes its recreation to the individual agency of the quickening Spirit. The work which God Himself takes in hand, the progress of which He super-

intends and perfects by His providential intervention and sanctifying grace, and the work which angels watch with loving, earnest interest, can never be a commonplace, wearisome thing, to an earnest and right-minded Christian.

Biography may awaken interest under more than one aspect. It may rivet the attention of the reader by a rapid succession of strange and startling incidents, or it may attract him by its resemblance to his own individual experience. If his own feelings and pursuits, his trials and difficulties, his dangers and escapes, his aspirations and resolutions are re-produced in life-like vividness before his mental eye, he will be conscious of an interest not less intense than that with which he hears a story, novel indeed, but with which he has nothing in common of similitude or sympathy.

It may be that some young persons will read this brief sketch of Eliza Harris with the feelings here described. "As face answereth to face," when presented with her portrait, they will catch the reflection of their own, and be struck with the identity of the course which they are pursuing, with the path which she, for

a while, so eagerly traversed. And having come with her to the point at which her steps were arrested, may they be induced to pause and turn with her, and to bear her company in the less frequented, but safe and narrow way!

## III.

# The Narrow Way.

---

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.'
I came to Jesus, as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

* * * * *

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light.
Come unto me—thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.'
I came to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun,
And in that light of life I 'll walk
Till travelling days are done."

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

"WHEN a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace: but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils" (Luke xi. 21, 22). So it was with Eliza. A circumstance and a crisis in her history approached, suggestive of the visitant who came to Christiana in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." It was in the year 1854. Cholera had re-appeared, especially in Bristol. One morning Eliza felt slightly indisposed. She imagined her symptoms to be those of incipient cholera, and she thought it was come to her. She awoke from her dream of pleasure, and her awaking was instantaneous and complete. She awoke to the consciousness of a wasted life, of a neglected soul, of an offended God, of a despised and insulted Saviour. She believed that she was about to be suddenly called into His presence, and into a world for which she had not made the slightest preparation, with the weight

of unforgiven sin and rejected mercy on her soul. The indisposition which had alarmed her, did *not* prove to be the cholera, and she soon recovered; but she had had such a sight of herself, such a look into the eternal world with all its overwhelming realities, that the question of a little time more or less, seemed nothing to *her*. Was the respite of a few years, if such should be granted her, again to close her eyes to the "*for ever*" which lay beyond? Appetite and sleep forsook her. By day she wept, and by night she paced the floor of her chamber in restless agony of mind. She made no secret of her anxiety. Diffident and retiring as was her subsequent religious course, she afterwards said, that it would at that time have been to her a matter of indifference, if the whole world had known and talked about it. She cared not, so that she could but obtain the faintest ray of hope—the hope of salvation.

Her friends began to fear for her health or her reason. The medical attendant of the family was consulted, but she might have said to him in the words of the good old hymn,

> "The help of men and angels join'd
> Can never reach my case."

One day he took his young patient out for a

drive, and did everything he could to divert her attention from melancholy subjects, but she afterwards said to a friend, "I could take no part in the conversation. One all-engrossing thought, 'Shall I ever be a Christian?' was continually present to my mind."

Then her father, though himself unable to enter into the cause of her distress, went to Christian friends, and begged them to come and comfort his daughter. They saw her often, and tried to direct her to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world." Just so much of latent hope was enkindled in her mind, that she repaired frequently to them in return. She would steal in quietly when she found them alone, and sit by them, and weep in silence as they talked to her of Jesus, and told her that when He said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," He never could have intended to leave HER out! It mattered not how humble the position in life of her new associates might be, nor how much she had formerly despised them: she clung to them with inexpressible reverence and tenderness now. The dear aunt, whose company she had once shunned as the dullest of all dull things, was sought out. It was the evening, and her aunt was alone. Eliza

came in and sat down evidently much depressed. Her aunt asked if she was unwell. "Not unwell," she said, bursting into tears, "but very, *very* unhappy!" Her aunt said a few soothing words, and, taking up a little book, read to her the history of "Old Narquois, the Negro Driver," as suited to her case. A kind friend gave her a Bible, which she began to search with eagerness. "The Pilgrim's Progress," James's "Anxious Inquirer," and other pious books, were lent and read in succession.

She who awakened so much anxious sympathy was slow to take comfort. "How can I tell," she would say, "whether this is anything more than mere fright—an impression which may pass away as did the first warnings of my governess? I want to know that I am really converted. If I am not born from above, I cannot see the kingdom of God." Her characteristic energy and decision were brought to bear upon the new object of her life. She gave up all her old companions and amusements, and "determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

"As for God, His work is perfect." It must be so eventually in every case, but He does not always bring His work of grace in the sinner's

heart to perfection with equal rapidity and conspicuousness. The training of Christian parents, attendance on a faithful ministry, and other continuous means, are often blessed by Him to the gradual development of Christian character. But there are some conversions, such as those of the Apostle Paul, of Colonel Gardiner, and surely it may be added, such a one as that now under consideration, in which He employs no human agency, and the work is pre-eminently and undeniably His own. In such instances, the rapid growth of all Christian excellence is as remarkable as the singularity of its origination, and the observer is surprised by the appearance of fruits altogether foreign to the parent stock, as well as by the beauty and early maturity of those sweet flowers which had been anticipated. Such was Eliza's case. If she was not naturally distinguished by the lowlier and gentler virtues, it is so much more to the glory of Divine grace that, under the influence of that new and marvellous power, she became altogether different from what she once was. And could *she* now be asked what should be said of her, would not all her anxiety be that the native enmity of her heart to God and goodness should be truthfully exhibited, and the grace which sought her out,

and loved, and vanquished, and transformed her, be acknowledged and adored!

Some fine traits were unmistakably evident in her character before her conversion. She was, as has been stated, affectionate and grateful, modest and correct in her conduct, ardent and energetic, and, above all, singularly truthful and ingenuous. But she was not humble or patient, meek or forbearing, gentle or self-denying, conciliating or considerate. She was not even what is generally called good-tempered. No sooner, however, had she felt the power of a Saviour's love, than she earnestly sought to put away everything which was displeasing to Him. She entered upon the unwonted task of self-conquest—the daily, hourly fight with temper, self-indulgence, and pride. Much did it cost her to keep that long ungoverned spirit under control, and often would she lament it with tears. Her family say that on this point she judged herself too severely—that a tart or hasty reply was the utmost of which she was guilty, but in the rigorous self-examination which she had instituted, she formed a different estimate, and often would she fear that no real change had been accomplished, because from time to time her impetuous temper had obtained some advantage over her.

Still she struggled on. "Life! life! eternal life!" was, as with Bunyan's pilgrim, her all-engrossing object. She prayed, she watched, she *strove*, to enter in at "the strait gate." Like Mercy, she stood "trembling and weeping outside the wicket gate," and "knocked and knocked again," and "fainted, and was afraid that no gate would be opened to her;" but as months passed on, and the mist cleared away from her fainting spirit, it gradually became evident to her, as it had already become evident to others, that she *had* entered in. "I think I *am* making a little way now," she would observe, in her own frank and simple way; "I have conquered my temper a little since I saw you last. I am sure, too, that there must be some change, for I have lost all taste for those things I used to like so much; and the Bible, and sermons, and things which used to be so dull, are now all my comfort." It seemed now as if she could never have enough of these. She found out the services at Christ Church school-room, at Buckingham, Granville, and Hope chapels, and attended them in turn nearly every evening of the week. Church, Baptist, Wesleyan, Independent—all were alike to her, so that she could but hear in them the beloved name of Jesus. Friday even-

ing was always spent with her kind and much valued friend Miss B——, who for many months devoted one evening in the week to instructing her in the Scriptures. It was no idea of duty or of merit which led her to these frequent services. It was a newly awakened, eager thirst, which could not be satiated. It was not that she rested on anything in herself. She had an overwhelming sense of guilt, which could obtain relief from nothing short of the all-atoning sacrifice and perfect righteousness of Jesus; but she wanted to know that her faith in Him was deep and genuine—that it was neither mere formal assent, nor evanescent excitement. Of this, after a time, she became assured. In the use of means, and in constant waiting upon God, the hope and peace she sought gradually dawned upon her soul; she was enabled to rest upon the Saviour's work *for* her, and with humble thankfulness to recognise the Spirit's work *in* her; and on the first Sabbath of December 1855, she ventured to approach the table of the Lord, and to receive the memorials of His dying love.

## IV.

# "The Religion of Common Life."

---

"I ask Thee for the daily strength,
  To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
  While keeping near Thy side—
Content to fill a little space,
  If Thou be glorified."

MISS A. L. WARING.

THE change in Eliza was obvious to all with whom she came in contact. Seldom, indeed, has a change been more complete. Rarely has the power of religion been more manifest. The process through which she had passed, had left no slight or transient impression on her character. Standing alone in her household, she could lean for support on no earthly arm, and she was compelled to resort constantly "to the strong for strength." Knowing that all eyes were upon her, she became habitually watchful and circumspect, and sought the aid of a wisdom not her own. Hence she avoided the extremes into which many young Christians fall, and was above all things careful that religion should not suffer through her. She made her sisters' dresses as cheerfully, and trimmed their bonnets with as much care, as if her whole heart had still been occupied in the matter. She was as punctual at meals, as early in rising, as neat in her dress as before. She was, indeed, far more anxious to

assist her mother in every household duty, and to promote her father's comfort, than formerly. Many a time, when she had gone with a friend to teach singing at the day-school, she would whisper between the verses of some favourite piece, "I must go now, or I shall keep my father's dinner waiting."

Let it not be considered beneath the dignity of biography to notice such domestic traits. It is a low-born and sickly fastidiousness which would set them all aside as vulgar and plebeian. The want of these days is just such a religion as shall develop itself in all the details of domestic life; which, not confined to the closet, the church, the committee, shall sanctify and beautify the homeliest duties of the shop, the family, the nursery, the school-room, nay, the very kitchen. He who provided a breakfast for the weary night-watchers on the Sea of Galilee, and Himself presided at the repast, would not have scorned the filial thoughtfulness which took His young disciple from the school and the singing, lest she should keep her father waiting for his dinner. Little do young Christians realise how the sweet influences of family intercourse are sacrificed, how religion is discredited, how their hold on other hearts for all of good and useful-

ness is lost, by the neglect of the little courtesies and considerations of daily life; how brothers are irritated and estranged,—how parents, for whom they would sacrifice life, are perpetually inconvenienced and disquieted, perhaps rendered anxious and unhappy,—by their frequent want of punctuality and thoughtfulness in regard to little things.

Eliza's early and industrious habits enabled her to accomplish much during the morning hours, and, without neglecting any duty, she had her evenings to herself. The entire command she obtained over her once hasty temper, was most striking. She became gentle and forbearing with her sisters, ceased to answer again, endeavoured to be the peace-maker in their little differences, or, if she could not succeed, would quietly slip out of the room. Her unbounded and exuberant spirits were brought under complete control, and her conversation, once so frivolous, became rational and pious. She sought to avoid anything melancholy or morose, and to prove that the principles which she had adopted, did not, at any rate, make her less happy or less agreeable.

Perhaps there are few things so indicative of character in a young person as her dress. On

this point, it may suffice to say, that Eliza's dress was always in perfect keeping with her station as a respectable tradesman's daughter, and with her profession as a young Christian. There was nothing remarkable about it, unless the very absence of anything likely to attract attention might be so regarded. The observer felt that it had cost her as much thought and money as Christian propriety required, and no more. In her worldly days, she spent much time in planning tasteful dresses, and her allowance never sufficed to gratify her fancies, but afterwards, she had enough and to spare; and all that she saved was silently appropriated to the purchase of little comforts for the poor old women whom she visited, or to the various missionary and benevolent objects which enlisted her Christian sympathy.

Eliza had much natural taste, and it was refined and purified by religion. It was observable not only in her dress, but in her arrangement of a room, in her style of singing and playing, and in her love of flowers and of poetry. She left behind her a manuscript volume of pieces which she had copied as they came in her way; many of them of no common order, and the whole forming a sweeter selection of sacred

poetry than could easily be found in print. She loved flowers; — loved them more after she learned to look at them as types of their Creator's grace and loveliness. Many a choice and beautiful bouquet she used to leave at her pastor's door. Her last gift was a beautiful camellia in full bloom. It was neglected while the family were from home, and they returned to find her ill, and the flower drooping. It partially recovered with care, but did not regain its former vigour. It rallied and drooped by turns, till they came to fancy it a barometer of her condition. After *she* was transplanted, it was taken to the gardener by whom it had been originally reared, and under his care, it blooms again in more than its former loveliness. She, too, of whom it was so meet an emblem, now droops no more, but, under the eye of Him who planted her, in unfading beauty and undying fragrance adorns the garden above.

## V.

# Indications of the Inner Life.

---

* * * * *

"It is too cleare a brightnesse for man's eye;
Too high a wisedome for his wits to finde;
Too deepe a secret for his sense to trie;
And all too heavenly for his earthly minde:
It is a grace of such a glorious kinde
As gives the soule a secret power to know it,
But gives no heart nor spirit power to show it.

* * * * *

"It is a joy that never comes in jest;
A comfort that doth cast off every care;
A rule wherein the life of life doth rest,
Where all the faithfull finde their happie fare;
A good that doth but onely God declare;
*A line that His right hand doth draw so even,*
*As leads the soule the hyway into heaven.*"

SIR NICHOLAS BRETON, 1590.

In many instances it is difficult to distinguish between natural amiability and the results of religious principle. When an amiable disposition is brought under religious influence, it is possible to give religion credit for more than it has really done. When the original character is churlish and unamiable, men too often blame religion for the faults of natural temperament. In Eliza's case it was not so difficult to draw the line. Naturally truthful, energetic, and warm-hearted, these virtues were brought out with additional force and distinctness by the introduction of the religious element. But there were other virtues *not* natural to her disposition, and so evidently the work of the Holy Spirit, as to furnish precious evidence of her having been brought into newness of life. If this point is dwelt upon more frequently than may at first sight appear to be necessary, it is because the leading lesson of her life is to be found in it; it is because under the influence of religion she be-

came what she would never otherwise have been, —became, in the short space of a few months, an example to young Christians of all that is lovely and of good report—that her case is presented to their attention.

Among the virtues foreign to her character were the meekness and self-control to which reference has been made, and which she struggled hard, and not unsuccessfully, to attain. Such, in a more remarkable degree, was her humility. Lowliness was by no means her natural characteristic; she was high-spirited, proud, and self-reliant. But from the time that she was brought to the feet of Jesus, she regarded herself as the least and lowest; and humility became, not as in the case of temper, a constant effort, but the very habit and tone of her renewed mind. The one great sin of her past life, in her long neglect of her loving Saviour, ever exercised a subduing, humbling influence over her spirit. Though she had faith to believe that *He* had blotted out the handwriting that was against her, memory often retraced the great dark characters before her mental vision. Walking one day on the Observatory Hill, on Clifton Down, when the Leigh woods were in their richest livery, and the river Avon at high tide,

winding between the richly wooded rocks, was bringing in not a few stately vessels to their destined port, a friend who was with her, remarked that she confined herself too closely to domestic and useful occupations; and that it would be better for her health and spirits, and eventually time gained, were she occasionally to come thither at some quiet hour of the day, to breathe the pure air, and to enjoy the lovely scenery. She shook her head, and said, that as far as regarded herself, the charm of that sweet spot was gone, for she never came thither without remembering, that, in the days of her folly, she had walked there on Sunday afternoons and evenings, mixing with the gay company, studying the dresses, and engaged in frivolous chat with others as thoughtless as herself. That she had prompted and encouraged them, and led *them* into sin, was the bitterest recollection of all, and she never voluntarily came up to look at that beautiful view, for the association was so intensely painful to her. It was not often, however, that she gave utterance to such sentiments. There was no assumption of humility. She *felt* her past sin too much to *talk* of it.

It was in deeds rather than in words that Eliza's humility was perceptible. Everything

marked her low estimate of herself. She would willingly undertake the lowest and humblest departments of service, while she shrank from the higher and more prominent. She would come with the most cheerful alacrity, to cut bread and butter and cake, in a back room, for a missionary or school tea-party,—to arrange flowers, and dress the room; but when the party had assembled, she had disposed of herself in some snug corner, by the side of the youngest or humblest, and it was necessary to look round again and again in order to find her. Singularly unobtrusive and unostentatious, her left hand knew not what her right hand did. Whether she worked or gave, her great effort was to keep out of sight. She had conducted a children's working party, meeting fortnightly at her father's house, for six months before any beyond her own family knew of its formation; and it was not till she had a large quantity of pretty and useful work completed for a missionary station abroad, and was *obliged* to ascertain how it was to be forwarded, that she reluctantly mentioned the fact. Long after this, when expressing a wish that she could teach in the Sabbath-school, her wish was opposed on the ground that her strength would not be equal to three walks up the hill on Sunday, and it was

suggested, that if she could find two or three poor people to visit in the week, it would be better. She then, for the first time, mentioned that "she did sometimes visit two or three old women;" but not till after her removal was it known, that she had, at that time, visited and read to them every Saturday, for nearly two years. She shrank from commendation. She feared lest her motives should become mixed, and the love of human praise creep in. More than this,—she had so deep a consciousness of her own unworthiness, that commendation was positively distressing to her.

In connexion with this indication of Eliza's altered character, was one still more unusual,—her readiness to receive reproof. She seemed to regard reproof as the strongest evidence of affection, and as far as possible acted upon it at once. One evening, for example, there was a tea-meeting in the chapel vestry. A friend whispered to her that something in her manner to a fellow-member was not quite kind and agreeable. A few minutes after she was sitting by the side of the lady in question, chatting as cheerfully and pleasantly as possible, to remove any doubtful impression from her previous greeting.

Similar was the result in other cases. She not only received reproof meekly, but the reproof did more:—it called forth an increased measure of love and confidence in regard to the person who admonished her. She wrote to her pious governess, acknowledging with love and thankfulness, her obligations for what had once so highly offended her. Not content with this, she paid Miss B—— a visit, fell upon her neck, and weepingly expressed her sorrow that she had not sooner known the value of so true a friend. There was none of the touchiness to which the mild term of sensitiveness is so often attached. She was not prone to misconstrue; she was not easily offended. She was not censorious, for she thought too meanly of herself to be prompt to censure others. Nor had the decision with which *she* had been enabled to act, induced her to form an uncharitable judgment of those who had not yet manifested equal earnestness of purpose. Referring to that period in conversation with Miss B——, she said, "I felt from the first that I *must* give it all up at once. I could not keep anything which was of the world; and *I do not feel now as if I had anything more to give up!* But I feel that there are many different dispositions and characters, and that with

others there must be a more gradual development."

Allied to humility was her self-distrust. In the earlier stage of her career, her great dread was lest she should *go back*. "It will all pass off, my dear," said a relative; "I felt like it once, but it is all gone now." It was with unutterable distress and anxiety that she used to refer to this prediction. As her trust in Him who had called her became more assured, this fear gave place to that of being inconsistent, or of doing anything to dishonour her Saviour. She did not pray, "Lead me not into temptation," and then venture into temptation voluntarily, recklessly. She most anxiously avoided all scenes, all books, all society, which she thought likely to lead her astray. While carefully refraining from the condemnation of others, she would say, "I daresay such a thing might not hurt other people, but I know it would hurt *me*."

The severest test, by which the sincerity and fixedness of her purpose were tried, remains to be noticed. To do this, is to tread on delicate ground; and yet so many have fallen here, who have stood proof against all other temptations, that it is believed her example may

serve to encourage and strengthen some who may be exposed to a like trial. At an early period of her Christian course, she confessed to a deep interest in one who had long been a constant visitor at her father's house, but whom her recent change of views rendered no longer a desirable associate for her. "I feel that he would have more power to turn me aside from the right way than all the rest," she frankly said; "so when I guess that he is likely to come, I slip out without saying anything, and have tea with Aunt, and I do *so* enjoy those quiet evenings with her alone." She added, "If I can resist this long-cherished feeling, I shall have some hope of myself, for I know the hold it has over me." Not long after, she was one evening taken by surprise, and could not make her escape. She looked up for strength, and referring to it afterwards, she remarked, "I was enabled to keep very quiet, and I was thankful to find that I did not enjoy his conversation as I used to do. We have no subjects in common now. Our pursuits are so different, and I do think he has lost his influence over me. Yet I do not mean to expose myself to the trial when I can help it, for I know I am so weak." There was no engagement, and she

was perfectly free to retreat. The subject had long been forgotten, and some three years elapsed, when she was seated under a tree on the Down, opposite her own home. She was propped up with a pillow, a friend's arm was supporting her, and she was waiting for her mother to assist in guiding her feeble steps homeward. There came up a bright-looking, intelligent young man, and asked after her health. His look of deep and earnest interest at once suggested to her friend who he must be, and she watched with some anxiety to see if any emotion was visible on Eliza's part. But no rising flush, no hesitation as she calmly replied to his inquiries, no fluttering of the feeble frame, gave any answering sign. A higher love had won and filled her heart, and had left no place for a rival. On his departure, her friend inquired if her suspicion was correct. Eliza answered in the affirmative, and calmly passed on to other subjects. Would that he who knew the sacrifice of feeling to which a Saviour's love prompted her, might be enabled to bring his heart to the same altar to which she brought hers, and like her, to "leave all and follow Jesus!"

Let it not be supposed that religion had

chilled her natural feelings. It had purified and intensified them. "Her love and kindness to me during my sad bereavement," writes one of her young friends, "will ever live in my memory. How much she loved me, and I her, I never knew till then. Her sweet words of consolation in the hour of greatest need, alleviated much that made the trial seem so very hard to bear. I remember her saying, 'Oh, do not weep! You have now what many cannot say they have, —a mother in heaven!'" The bereavement mentioned, was followed by a long and severe illness, during which Eliza nursed her friend under her father's roof. Miss L—— again writes, "I cannot describe her kindness and attention to me in my sickness, not only in supplying my temporal wants, but also my spiritual ones. Often would she quote some precious promise to cheer and sustain me. 'What ye know not now, ye shall know hereafter,' was one of her favourite texts. When lying down at night, after engaging in prayer for me, that I might soon, if it pleased God, be restored to my usual health and activity, she would bend over me and whisper, 'He doeth all things well.'"

The genuine simplicity and sincerity of Eliza's character, made the interchange of religious

thought and feeling with her peculiarly delightful. She never assented to a feeling of which she was not conscious. She would reply, "I cannot feel that;" or, "I have not got so far as that yet." She did not adopt the language of others. She used no conventional phraseology, —no set or over-wrought expressions. You never felt, in conversation with her, that you must keep up to a certain pitch. She did not

> —— "seek to wind herself too high
> For sinful man beneath the sky."

All she said evidently came fresh from the heart. She said just what she thought and felt, and no more. Hence there was a peculiar charm and freshness about her remarks and expressions of feeling. Much has it since been regretted that they were not noted down at the time; but it was not then known how brief the opportunity would be. Never, perhaps, was there a more interesting illustration of the change which is designated as "passing from death unto life"—never a more beautiful development of character, as it seemed to come fresh from the hand of God Himself.

The harmony and just proportion of her various excellences attested His workmanship. Many young Christians, who devote themselves

to visiting the poor and wretched, become forgetful of the claims of parents, and brothers and sisters, at home: others, who are examples at home, are unmindful of the misery and ignorance of their poor neighbours. Some, who busy themselves with schools and committees, have no concern about the immortal welfare of their nearest and dearest friends; while others, who attend to the claims of home, can find no pity for the perishing millions of heathendom. Some Christians live in a world within themselves: content with their own spiritual enjoyments, they interchange no thoughts with others—they leave no testimony, they spare no sympathy, they drop no warning. Some, on the other hand, are always talking: they gauge the religion of others by their own fluency of speech—their feelings evaporate, their sincerity is endangered by their volubility. Eliza fell into none of these errors. Her sedulous attention to domestic duty kept pace with the cultivation of her spiritual piety; her anxiety for her relatives at home was not checked by her enlarged interest in missionary effort; her consideration for the temporal comforts of the poor, and the pleasures of her friends, was not lost sight of in her overwhelming anxiety for their eternal interests. Her humility did not

make her fearful and faint-hearted; her zeal did not render her forward and talkative. She was too modest and diffident by nature, and grace had made her too self-distrustful, to obtrude her feelings and opinions at all times, and in all companies; but, as opportunity presented, out of the abundance of her full heart her lips would speak.

A few years since, two ladies, in canvassing a district for the Bible Society, chanced to knock at the door of an infidel. They made the usual inquiry, whether he "had a Bible?" "No," replied the man, "I do not want the Bible: I do not believe in it." His visitors expressed their surprise and regret, and asked the reason of his incredulity. "Because," he said, "I see none of the effects of which you tell me. You professing Christians are no better than others. You spend your money in dress and self-indulgence—your time in shopping, or visiting, or pleasure-taking. You have your evening-parties, to talk slander, and sing songs, and eat what would buy many dinners for the poor. If I could see in your daily lives the evidence of that Divine influence of which you talk so much, *then* I could believe in it." Is not this the unexpressed feeling of thousands of unbelievers?

Oh that young Christians would aim at a higher standard of piety, and, no longer content with imitating one another, would set immediately before them the example and injunctions of their Lord and Master! It was thus that she acted, to whom these pages refer. Ever struggling on, ever pressing after—dissatisfied with her estimate of her own progress, yet never relaxing in her pursuit, and aiming at nothing less than entire conformity to the mind and will of Jesus. Were all young professing Christians equally exemplary at home, and, like her, missionaries in their respective circles, the world would not find it so hard to acknowledge the beauty and divinity of the precepts by which they profess to be actuated.

## VI.

# A Home Mission.

* * * * *

" Depuis long-temps je marche solitaire,
Dans le chemin qui conduit au bonheur ;
Je suis tout seul à t'offrir ma prière ;
Nul autre cœur ne répond à mon cœur.
O mon Sauveur ! mon unique espérance !
Tu l'as connu ce triste isolement ;
Mais il n'est pas complet pour ton enfant,
Puisque Jésus souffre de sa souffrance.

* * * * *

" Mais si pour moi je n'ai plus rien à craindre,
Si j'ai trouvé mon refuge en la foi,
Puis-je penser, san gémir et les plaindre,
À tant d'amis qui vivent loin de toi ?
Que les rayons du soleil de justice
Viennent enfin resplendir à leurs yeux !
Ecris, Seigneur, tous leurs noms dans les cieux,
Et qu'en leurs cœurs ton œuvre s'accomplisse."

CHANTS CHRÉTIENS.

ALMOST simultaneous with Eliza's concern about her own soul was her intense desire for the salvation of others. But for those nearest and dearest to her, her distress was at times overwhelming. She frequently told her aunt, that after retiring at night, she could not sleep for hours from anxiety about them, and often were those hours spent in prayer, on behalf of those dear relatives.

It might be, perhaps, a year after her own conversion, that a friend, who had been with her to the day-school, noticed her extreme pensiveness. As they walked up the hill, an inquiry was made as to the cause of her dejection. The only reply was a flood of tears. She was led into her friend's house, and detained to tea, and it was at length drawn from her, that her mind was weighed down with anxiety respecting her family generally, and her parents in particular. "I cannot endure the thought," she said, "that they are still far from Christ. Yet how can I

tell them? Would it not seem the greatest presumption in *me, their child,* to take upon me to teach *them?* Oh, I know not what to do!" She was urged to take comfort in the power of humble, believing prayer, and to look for wisdom and guidance from above. At length she summoned courage to write to her father on his birth-day. In mentioning it to her kind friend, Miss B——, she said, "I think every word was written with tears. I wrote as humbly and affectionately as I could, but as I wrote, I felt that none of it was *my own.* I could not help doing it." In recalling the circumstances subsequently to her removal, her father said, "I was in my office, alone, when she came to me with the letter. She had also a little book in her hand, called, 'Come to Jesus.' She looked up in my face, and said, 'O father, come to Jesus!'" With a faltering voice he added, "I shall never forget *that look.*" She had marked the little book in many places, and great was her joy to see him reading it attentively. The letter had great effect. "And yet," he said, speaking of it on another occasion to his pastor, "it was not, after all, so much what she *wrote* as what she *did* that struck me. I watched her after that letter more than I had done before.

marked her gentleness with her sisters, so different from her former hastiness—the quiet repose of her manner, in contrast with her former flighty excitement—her dutiful and affectionate attention to us—and her retirement, unobserved by others, for opportunities of devotion." Her heart was full, when, shortly after, he requested her to join him in asking a blessing on their meals—and when, on the following Sabbath morning, the usual newspaper reading was discontinued, and he arose to accompany her to her customary place of worship. Her filial reverence prevented her from asking questions, but the change became, though more gradually, as evident in his case as it had been in hers. What rapture glowed in her countenance—what tears of joy rained down her cheeks, when she came to tell the friend who had sympathised with her in her anxiety, that God had heard her prayers for her father!

Encouraged by the result of this effort, she ventured, though with more hesitation, about twelve months after, to write a letter to her mother. She kept it in her pocket some days before she could find courage to give it. At length she seized an opportunity, placed it in her mother's hand, and immediately went out, to give time

for its perusal in her absence. She walked about in silent prayer for some time, and hesitated to return. She stood at the top of the broad gravel walk leading to their house long before she could venture down, and looked at the windows to ascertain if her mother was visible. She feared that her letter would seem like unwarrantable presumption on her part, and shrank from meeting her mother. But time pressed, and as the feeling must be surmounted, she summoned up resolution to go in. On re-entering, she endeavoured to be as affectionate and pleasant as she could, to diminish the awkwardness of the meeting, and was thankful to find that her mother did not seem in the least offended. She never mentioned the circumstance till in conversation with her father alone, about a fortnight before her death. He immediately asked Mrs Harris for the letter, and they have both kindly permitted its publication :—

"My very dear Mother,—Will you forgive the liberty I am taking? If you knew what I feel, I am sure you would. Mother dear, I could not speak to you, and as I could go no longer without, I thought I would write. It is because I love you, mother; because God's

Spirit is striving with me, so that whatever happens, I must speak. Mother dear! I feel so unhappy about *you*. I hope, through the grace and mercy of God, I am safe for *time* and *eternity*, but oh! that only makes me more anxious that you should be so too, for I should be indeed sinful if I could see you daily living without God, without any real hope, and not utter one warning cry, not try to lead you to Jesus, who alone can give salvation. Mother dear! I never loved you half so much before I knew Him, and if you could only feel the happiness of knowing Him as your own Saviour, you would love Him too. It is not enough to know His name; it is not enough to be moral; we must be born again, and, mother dear! till that change takes place—a change so great, that it is called passing from death unto life—we are all under condemnation, all, young or old, rich or poor. It is not only the wicked that are to be turned into hell, but also all the people that *forget God*. Dear mother, God forbid that I should call you wicked, but oh! do you not *forget* Him who so loved us as to give His only begotten Son to die for us? If He spared *us*, He could not spare *Him*. He is a holy God, and sin is what He hates. He is a just God,

and must punish all sin; but He is a merciful God. He loves mercy, and gives the greatest gift He has to bestow for *us*, His dear Son, because if He punishes Him for us, He will be able to forgive us, and all He asks from us is, 'My son, my daughter, give me *thine heart*.' He wants nothing else. Oh, how condescending! He before whom angels bow, He who gives us life, health, all, to ask our hearts, our sinful depraved hearts! Mother, *dear* mother! forgive me for writing thus to you, but I cannot bear to think that the day may come for you to be able to say to me, '*You* knew all this and *never told me*.' It is the best return I can make for all your love to me. Mother dear! I have been an ungrateful child, but God knows my heart. I love you better than when I loved the world, and oh! were you in my place, I know you would not let me live without at least telling me of my danger. When we love Jesus, it makes us love our friends with a more real love. God knows it is my greatest desire, greater even than life itself, to be sure you were all safe. Joyfully would I sacrifice every earthly blessing for it; and it *may* be so. He offers pardon, peace! Freely 'ask, and ye *shall* receive.' I know we cannot repent ourselves,

but if we ask, though our hearts are ever so hard, He will *give* repentance; He *loves* to give. He will not bestow without our asking, but if we ask, He will freely give all — give the *inclination* to love Him, and the power to obey Him. Oh! I do so long to see you safe in Him, so that if sickness or death come, we may be prepared. It needs more than a deathbed repentance and preparation to meet God, and His word declares that without holiness no man can see the Lord; but if once we give ourselves to Jesus, He engages never to leave us, never to forsake us. If it were not so, dear mother, I must long ago have returned to what I once was. It is not by any power in myself, but it is He who has kept me hitherto, and I trust will keep me. Feeling this, can you wonder that I should be so anxious about you? My own dear mother, do not be angry with me for saying this. I do not think you will. It has been written with many prayers and tears for your welfare; for 'what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' I trust that He, who I feel certain has urged me to write this, will bless it to you. I beseech you to think earnestly whither we are going. There are but two ends to the journey.

We are all hastening to one or the other. God grant we may all meet at last—a family in heaven—not one missing! God bless you, dear mother, and give you His Holy Spirit, is the prayer of your affectionate child,

ELIZA.

"*Please forgive me.*"

The simple earnestness, the delicacy of feeling, and strong filial affection, which breathe throughout, and temper the Christian fidelity, of the foregoing letter, need no comment. What "*mother*" could have been offended at such a letter!

## VII.

# A Social Mission.

---

"Go, labour on; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

"Go, labour on; 'tis not for naught;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The *Master* praises: what are men?

"Go, labour on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

"Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in."

BONAR.

ELIZA's wish to be useful was not limited to her home circle. Her first attempts were on a very small scale. It was one indication of her well-balanced spiritual constitution that she never despised little things. The first thing she is remembered to have undertaken, was ruling and writing some little collecting cards, for the "Home and School for the Sons of Missionaries;" and her next was, making a number of little ticket-bags for the Sunday-school children. In a short time she gained confidence to assist in cutting out children's dresses, &c., for a missionary working party, connected with the congregation to which she belonged; and she was found to be so well qualified for this occupation, that in a few months the purchase of materials, planning, cutting, and fixing, devolved entirely upon her. Miss Harding, from Caffraria, having visited the day-schools, with a little Caffre girl, the daughter of a chief,—the governess and children expressed a wish to do something for

her school. Miss Harding sent a pattern frock and pinafore of the uniform in which she dressed her Caffre school, and Miss Harris was again referred to as the only one capable of managing the matter. She collected a little fund, bought print, cut it out and fixed it for the children, and attended regularly to superintend their work. It was only one afternoon in the month, but it involved much time and trouble in the interval, the more difficult parts having to be done by herself, and the more easy ones tacked and arranged, as they need not to have been for more experienced workers. It was useful to the children as a working class, and the books read, and hymns sung, tended to enlarge the circle of their ideas and sympathies.

Eliza also attended the monthly Dorcas meeting, and made herself useful there; and she had, as has been already intimated, a little gathering of the children of her friends, who met once a fortnight for a similar object. For this party she purchased materials out of her own savings, planned and prepared, and then set her little friends to work, while she read some suitable book for their improvement. There was a great deal of finishing required, which was beyond the ability of the little workers, and the amount of

personal exertion required by the three working parties was very considerable. For many months she went every Tuesday morning to the school-room to assist in teaching the girls to sing, sometimes leading the first, and sometimes the second voices. One favourite piece always recalls her to mind; it begins—

"Just as I am, I come to Thee,
With only sin and misery,
O Lamb of God!
No righteousness have I to bring,
A sinful, helpless, worthless thing,
But simply to Thy cross I cling,
O Lamb of God!

"Just as I am, I come to Thee,
Thy precious blood my only plea,
O Lamb of God!
Thy passion in Gethsemane—
Thy bloody death on Calvary—
Avert the wrath of God from me,
O Lamb of God!" &c.

She also collected for the London Missionary Society, and her collecting-book was characteristic of herself. She had not courage to ask strangers, but the pages were filled with small contributions from all the members of her family circle. It took her some time to collect twenty or more little subscriptions, but she did it quietly and regularly, and her own initials could always

be detected among them. She made up and sent in her book, for the last time, only a few days before her death.

But while attending to these things cheerfully and perseveringly, as branches of Christian duty and enterprise in which she felt it right to take her share, it was with far higher satisfaction that Eliza employed herself in direct effort for the individual benefit and happiness of others. Untrained as she had been to visit the poor, she shewed an aptitude, and a delicacy of feeling, in this avocation, from which many of riper years and longer practice might take a lesson. Simply dressed, and with the quietest manner, she would, at a regular and convenient hour, make her appearance, and enter with perfect sympathy into all their little cares and troubles. One of these was a poor blind woman, introduced to her by Miss B——, pious and intelligent, and capable of understanding books of a higher order than those which belong to her position in life. Eliza visited her on Saturday afternoons, and read to her the whole of Adelaide Newton's "Memoir and Remains," many of Mr Spurgeon's sermons, as they were sent to her from her friends at Lambeth, and other books. On leaving, she generally placed some little gift on the table.

"I could hear her lay it down," said the poor woman, "for me to find when she was gone. She was so quiet and modest like, she never said anything about it. If any other ladies came while she was here, she would slip out directly, for she did not want to be known." Hearing that another poor woman in the house had had rheumatic fever, Eliza made her acquaintance, and used to read the Bible to her, and bring her articles of food and nourishment.

There was a poor old woman, upwards of ninety, the grandmother of a servant who had lived in Mr Harris's family. Eliza was unwearied in her attentions to this poor creature, and the notes made by a friend, of a visit to her when those attentions could be no longer paid, will give some idea of the feeling Eliza inspired in the heart of her poor acquaintance.

*Dec.* 19, 1857.—"You remember Miss Harris?"

She was deaf, and thought she heard another name. "Oh yes, she is a kind friend to me. She allows me a shilling a-week, and has done so for this long time."

"I did not speak of *her*. I asked if you remembered *Miss Harris?*"

As soon as she caught the name, she grasped my hand, and said eagerly, "Oh yes! she was a dear, *dear* creature. Oh, I loved her so, and I miss her so much! She used so often to sit by me under the tree on the Down, and read to me out of the Bible or Testament. And when she had done, she would always go in and bring me out some nice little thing to eat. She used to come and see me on Saturday, and she always brought me a little present—a couple of fresh eggs, or two or three milk-cakes, or something that she thought I should like. I went up to the Down several times, and waited for her, and wondered that she did not come out, and then I heard she was *buried*. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

She held my hand all the time, as if pleased to get hold of any one who knew the young friend whom she had lost. But her tea was getting cold, so after a few more words, I said, "I shall come again soon, and I hope you will try to remember all you can about her, and tell me when I come. I like much to hear about her." "She will have Miss Harris's name on her lips all the evening," said her daughter, "now that you have set her off."

Will it be thought that the poor old woman loved her young benefactor only for what she

could get? Not so, or why should the mention of a far higher claimant on her pecuniary gratitude awaken less emotion. It was often-repeated and thoughtful kindness, the trouble taken on her account, which called forth her gratitude. It was a trifling gift, but there was delicacy in it. The new-laid egg, the little milk-loaf, carefully brought with her own hands, tempted the aged appetite, and drew her heart more to the giver than might have done a half-crown carelessly bestowed, without trouble or sympathy, or the jug of oat-meal broth sent by the hand of a servant. And would she listen less patiently to the loving and holy counsels that followed, because there lay before her the tangible proofs of kind and genuine interest in her comfort and gratification? Our blessed Lord combined attention to the temporal wants of the needy with care for their eternal interests, and surely none need aim at a charity more refined and spiritualised than His. It may suggest new and pleasant ideas to those whose means are small, and who fancy that they can do nothing for the poor, to find how small a sum may, with judgment and delicacy, convey much real happiness, and prepare the way for more enduring benefit.

Nor was it with gifts and instructions alone, that Eliza thus won upon her aged auditor. The daughter often went out to work by the day, and was compelled to leave her old mother alone. On such occasions, Eliza's ready and well-practised hand found many a little service to perform, and in the true spirit of Him who washed His disciples' feet, she would sometimes clean up the room for the old woman before she began to read. No one ever heard of these things from her own lips, and they only transpired after her death.

Eliza joined no committees. They were not suited to her taste. One can picture in imagination the mingling of dismay and amusement with which a proposal to be on a committee would have been received by one of her diffident and retiring temperament. But she was ready for any unostentatious service of love which was presented to her, and much has her willing help been missed, in the congregation to which she belonged. She sought to exert an influence of the best and happiest kind over all her young friends. Such was her warm affection, her tender sympathy, her pre-eminent ability to enter into all they thought and felt, that those who were in any spiritual anxiety seemed in-

stinctively to turn to her. She knew how "to comfort others, with the comfort wherewith she herself had been comforted of God." Her countenance lighted up with pleasure, when mentioning, shortly before her last illness, that several young friends had recently sought her for this purpose. She kept their secret, and did not name them. May the great Comforter speak to their hearts, now that the voice of her whom they loved is silent in the grave!

There were two little girls, about thirteen and fourteen years of age, in whose welfare she manifested a special interest. She conversed with them often, and when absent, wrote to them frequently. A few of these simple epistles, so adapted to their age and circumstances, are inserted, in the hope that they may suit some other dear little girls, who may read this book.

"BEAUFORT LODGE, CLIFTON, *Feb.* 22, 1857.

"MY VERY DEAR C——, You cannot write to me too often. I am always so pleased to hear about you, especially what you *feel* and *think*. I am very glad, dear, you have not forgotten our little conversation, and that you still earnestly desire to be a child of God, and to love that precious Saviour, who so loves us, and who

gave Himself for us. . . . . I cannot tell you, darling, how glad I feel about you; to think that now, in the days of your youth, Christ is drawing you to Himself. I cannot tell you how happy He has made me. I would not be without His love for the whole world, and I do most earnestly hope and pray that you and dear E—— may both feel His love while you are young; for 'those who seek Him early shall find Him.'

"It is impossible for me to thank you as I would do for your and E——'s beautiful present.* I shall value it very much as a token of your love for me; and I do hope, darling, that you may both be *ministering children*, and that God's love and smile may ever rest upon you.

"Good-bye, dear C——. Write as often as you like. Ask me anything you want to know. —With much love, your sincere friend,

"E. A. HARRIS."

"CLIFTON, *March* 1857.

"MY VERY DEAR C——, I am very glad you will not love me less for looking grave sometimes. Believe me, dear, I am not often unhappy when I look grave, though often it is the

* An illustrated copy of "Ministering Children."

sense of my own unworthiness and sinfulness which makes me feel sad: yet I know it ought not to do so; for Jesus said, 'Sin *shall not* have dominion over you,' and the Scripture tells us to 'rejoice evermore,' as well as to 'pray without ceasing;' which does not mean that we must be always praying, but that we should endeavour to live in the spirit of prayer—always ready to approach the throne of grace. I am very glad, dear, that you will *try* and not make fun of people who may be a little peculiar; only, dear, do not try in *your own strength*, for if you do, you will assuredly *fail*. Ask God to make you more watchful over your own heart, and He will enable you to love them for *His sake*. Do not be discouraged, darling, if you sometimes feel as if it were no use to try. Remember that Jesus is always *looking* on you with an eye of tender compassion, and be assured that if you ask Him, you will assuredly find Him. Does it not shew us how weak and sinful we are, when the very thing we are so sorry for to-day, we go and do again to-morrow? Pray earnestly to God, dear, for His Holy Spirit, to teach you and lead you. God bless you, dear!—Believe me to be your sincere friend,

"E. A. HARRIS."

"*March* 6, 1857.

"MY DEAR E——, It was with very great pleasure I received your letter, and still greater was my pleasure to find that you desire to give your heart to that *dear* Saviour, who so loved us as to give Himself for us, but who *especially loves those* who seek Him *early*. I earnestly assure you, darling, that He does make all who *ask* and seek for it really and truly *happy*, and He never casts out *any* that *come* to Him. It is not only those who are old who need a Saviour. I am very glad *you* feel it to be so. It does not make people *dull* or *gloomy*. It makes even the youngest far happier than anything else, when they feel and know that Jesus *loves them*, and *thinks* about them, and cares for them, and watches over them.

"Will you try and pray earnestly, dear, that God would give you a new heart and put His Spirit within you? and ask Him, dear, to give you the spirit of prayer, because He has *promised* to do so if we ask Him: not for our sakes, but because of Jesus. I know sometimes, dear, you will feel as if it were *no use* to try. I am sure *I do*. I feel sometimes as if I must give up, and just live without prayer, and without trying to obey God; but then I think of the *love* of Jesus

in coming to live and die for us, and I remember how willing He is to *help* those who ask Him; and then I think He is looking at me—at me! and whispering by His Holy Spirit, "*Come unto me:* I will *give* you *rest.*" Will you try and think so too, darling? I love you very, very much; and then, you know, dear, we shall not only be friends in time, but live together, if we love Jesus, throughout eternity. Ask me anything you want to, dear, and write as often as you like.—With much love, ever yours,

"E. A. HARRIS."

"LAMBETH, *May* 1857.

"MY DARLING C——, I am very glad to find from your letter that you have not forgotten me. . . . . Thank you, darling, for the texts. It was very kind in you to send them for me. Dear C——, I do indeed hope, that whatever others do, you will serve the Lord, and give Him your heart, for He only is worthy. 'He is the chief amongst ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.' But be sure, dear, you do not rest in trying to do better. The only way to *be* really better is to come to Jesus in prayer. It is in vain to try every day and every week without *Him*, for you will certainly fail. Your goodness

will be as the morning cloud and as the early dew, that passeth away. I do not say this to discourage you, my darling, but only to urge you to take every trouble and sin to Jesus, and let this be the prayer of your heart, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.' If you look in Ezek. xxxvi., you will find that God there promises the very blessing, nay more, that He will make you able and willing to obey His commands, and to walk in His ways. He asks for the whole heart; He loves you too well to be satisfied with part. Oh, that God may make you wholly His!—With much love, believe me ever yours,

"E. A. HARRIS."

The young friend to whom this letter was addressed, finding some difficulty about her lessons, Eliza sent her a copy of the following exquisitely simple and beautiful lines. Where she met with them is not known. They will serve to illustrate the refinement of her poetical taste:—

"Remember now thy God, my child;
Choose now the better part,
Before long years of care, and sin,
Have aged and chill'd thy heart;—

Before its hidden springs of love
  Have been unseal'd—defiled;
Its riches spent on worthless things—
  Give all to Him, my child!

"Remember Him when morning light
  Shines on thine opening eyes;
And when the night shades gathering round,
  With soft stars gem the skies.
'Tis He who guards thy helpless sleep,
  From terrors dark and wild;
'Tis He who gives each joyous day—
  Forget Him not, my child!

"Think of Him in thy busiest hours,
  With book, and map, and sum,
When to the earnest, patient mind,
  No other thought should come.
One loving, truthful look towards Him,
  Will make a dull room bright,
And hardest tasks, and tiresome sum,
  Seem strangely clear and bright!

"Remember that in work, or play,
  His eye is fix'd on thee,
And at that loving, holy glance,
  Let sloth and anger flee.
When selfishness and dark deceit
  Would lead thy soul astray,
One earnest, prayerful thought of Him,
  Will drive these foes away.

"Think of Him when, at sunny noon,
  Upon the turf you lie,
And gaze in dreaming happiness
  Upon the far off sky,

Watching the quiet clouds that float
Across its gentle blue,
Or the sunny ripple of the streams—
He made them all for you!

"Or when the glad song of the birds,
Or the fragrance of the flowers,
Or the gentle breeze that fans thy brow,
In the cool, soft evening hours;
Or the waving woods, or the sheltering hill,
Bring strange, deep joy to thee,
Bless Him who gave a heart to feel
What He gave the eyes to see!

"Remember Him when loving lips
Upon thy brow are press'd,
And when, with all a mother's love,
I fold thee to my breast.
Though mother's, sister's love, is sweet,
'Twill pass with them away—
He never leaves, He never dies!—
He loves thee more than they!

"And when death calls, and I must go,
And thou must walk alone,
And earth and sin will struggle hard,
To win thee for their own,
Remember Him, and He will be
Thy Father and thy Friend—
Thy righteousness and daily strength—
Thy Saviour to the end!

"There, safe within that blessed heaven,
Where all our hopes are set,

No sinful heart, no worldly snare,
  Will tempt us to forget;
No cloud of fear, no distance felt,
  Our perfect joy shall dim!
His servants there shall see His face,
  And ever dwell with Him!"

*Copied,* CLIFTON, 8*th March* 1857.

## VIII.

# Companionship by the Way.

---

"There is a FRIEND more tender, true,
Than brother e'er can be;
Who, when all others bid adieu,
Remains—the last to flee;

* * * *

"Of human hearts He holds the key.
Is friendship meet for ours?
Oh! be assured that none but He
Unlocks its purest powers."

BERNARD BARTON.

In the spring of 1856, Eliza went to London to visit some distant relatives, and there formed a friendship, of which she always spoke with intense thankfulness and delight. As the young friend who was permitted to impart so much strength and comfort, during the occasional depression attendant on Eliza's declining health, still lives, all personal references are omitted. The quotations which follow are from an account kindly furnished by herself, illustrative of the phases of Eliza's spiritual life, and also of her increasing meetness for the rest and service of heaven, as she neared her journey's end.

Miss G—— writes, Jan. 6, 1858 :—"I should greatly rejoice to see a memoir of my much loved friend and sister in Jesus, for surely it may be said of her, as of Enoch of old, she 'walked with God,' holding almost constant intercourse with Jesus, and seeking to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things. I

exceedingly regret having burned many sweet letters received from her. Had it not been for the close communion of hearts which we enjoyed, I had not done so; but the fear of other eyes ever perusing their contents, induced me to destroy them before leaving home to visit Clifton last autumn. I have several left, only they are so precious I cannot part with them; so you will excuse my sending a few extracts instead.

"It was in the spring of 1856, I first became acquainted with dear Miss Harris; and from the first few hours spent with her, I felt convinced that she was no ordinary Christian. Well do I remember her earnest gaze as she said, in reference to worldly amusements and companions, 'I gave them *all* up,' feeling determined that nothing should be a hindrance, and being earnestly desirous to be entirely devoted to that Saviour, who had done so much for her.

"On the same evening, while returning from chapel, I remarked how mercifully my lot was cast, in being surrounded by those who loved the Saviour, and having every help in outward things in His service. She said, 'Yes, but I feel that I have deeper cause for gratitude in being the one chosen by God, and the most worldly one of all, and that the desire of my

heart is, "Lord, lift thou up upon me the light of thy countenance."'

"We spent part of a Sabbath together before she left London, and she gave me a most affectionate invitation to spend a few weeks at her home in the summer. This I was permitted to do, and during that period was very deeply impressed with the entire consecration of her life to the service of God. She was much in prayer, and daily searched and studied the word of God with interest and delight. She was constantly aspiring; entering into the spirit of the apostle when he wrote, 'This one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind,' &c. (Phil. iii. 13, 14). The words 'pressing on' seemed to me to be eminently descriptive of her daily life. I thought that she sometimes overlooked the command to rejoice, and said as much to her. She answered, 'Yes, but oh! I want to be holy, more than to be happy.' One characteristic which shone very brightly, was her humility. She ever esteemed others better than herself, and seemed content to be nothing, so that God might be glorified. After enjoying her dear society for three months, I returned home, and the following are a few extracts from

some of her letters, during the time we were separated.

"After expressing much anxiety for those around her, she thus writes, 'I know not what to say about myself, but I feel as if I needed guidance and light more than ever. I cannot see my way, and though I long after holiness, innate holiness, more and more, I seem absolutely further from its attainment. I have not been looking to Jesus lately: I know it must be so. I seem to have lost the confidence of a child, but what is worse, I cannot feel the love of Christ. All that I do, seems to be from a dull, cold sense of duty. Oh that God may lighten my heart and path, if it be for His glory! If not, I want to say, "Even so, Father! for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."'

"Speaking of her birthday, she says, 'I was twenty-three years old on the 26th of January. Getting on, dear, is it not? But then, you know,

> "I nightly pitch my moving tent
> A day's march nearer home."'

This was the last birthday she spent on earth.

"A month or two later, she writes, 'The time is drawing near when I hope to see you. I

hope, if it be God's will, that this dark cloud which overshadows my heart, may be removed before I come to you. I feel as if I were walking in darkness; nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done!'"

In pursuing Miss G——'s extracts, the reader will bear in mind, the difficulty of distinguishing between physical and mental causes. It is probable that the dear girl by whom these letters were written, blamed her own heart for much which was really incident on her failing strength. Disease had already laid firm hold on her constitution, and there is no doubt that at this time she exerted herself beyond her strength. She was most anxious to finish up the year's work of each working party before she went to London, and, in addition to this, she was hurrying herself to complete several pretty children's dresses as her contribution to a bazaar in which Miss G—— was much interested. A friend who noticed her increasing languor, asked if she did not think she was taxing her strength too far? She acknowledged that she felt weak, and could not settle to work as usual, and that she knew she ought to have rest; but added, "Dear —— in London is depending so much on my help, that I cannot tell her so."

It is pleasant to find her soon afterwards writing thus, "Thank God, the thick black darkness is passing away. Oh! never could I have conceived it possible that I should so understand the depths of the expression, 'in Thy favour is *life*.' Not happiness, joy, rapture, though it is all these, but *life*—something to the real Christian absolutely indispensable. Do you catch my meaning, dear? I have not seemed to live lately; it has been dragging out my existence, but blessed be His holy name, I trust it is passed. 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'

'The fruit of deepest gladness
Lieth near the fount of tears.'"

On the 22d of April, 1857, she went to London, with the intention of making a long stay, but that intention was frustrated. "It is utterly impossible," writes Miss G——, "to describe what I owe, under God, to those five weeks she spent with us then; her life so eminently earnest, her conversation so much of Jesus, that being with her, seemed to give one a distaste for ordinary religious society.

"One day, she proposed reading in the word of God together, for our mutual improvement. We did so, never without an ejaculatory prayer

ascending from her lips, that the Spirit of God would shine upon the word, and bless it to our souls. Her sanctification of the Sabbath was remarkable. She never engaged in casual conversation on that day, and always tried to check it in others. She seemed to love to linger on the one theme, 'Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.' Her anxiety on my account was very great. Her constant, loving request, to surrender all to God. Her fears lest I should be a half-hearted Christian were often expressed, and her last words when she left me were, 'Oh! Ellie, be earnest! oh! be earnest!' She came to us with the intention of making a long stay; but her health began to decline very fast, and our medical attendant urged a speedy return to her native air, at the same time expressing his fear that her illness would be serious."

On the 24th of May, she herself thus writes from London to Miss D——, a friend at Clifton: —"I do not think London agrees with me. You will be sorry to hear that I have been obliged to have medical advice." She continues—"I have felt rather sadly ever since I have been here. I do desire to know my Saviour better, and to love Him more, but I feel so cold and indifferent. Mr Spurgeon said on Thursday,

'Christian! there is not a cluster of fruit in God's garden that you may not pick. Can you not reach? Ask God to make you grow taller.' A nice thought, was it not? Often the promises seem too high for us—too great; but we can ask to grow, can we not?"

She returned home in June, and rallied for a short space with the pure air of Clifton, resumed her readings with her poor old women, and some other quiet occupations. This brief interval appears to have been one of much spiritual enjoyment, doubtless sent to prepare her for the long struggle which was to follow. Soon after her return home, she wrote to Miss G——, "Oh, Ellie dear! how tenderly kind of our loving Saviour to permit us to enjoy so much sweet communion along the road, for I think we can say that our best moments together have been those in which our converse has been of *Him*, 'who, though He was rich, for our sakes became poor.' I wish, dearest, we had oftener talked of Him. Oh! let all our aim be, to know and love Him, whom to know is life eternal. *Excelsior!* Upward! onward!"

At another time, she writes—"The joyful feeling of last Sunday is gone, but I feel so *quieted;* and when He giveth quietness, who can

make trouble? (Job xxxiv. 29.) And then the feeling of nearness to Him in prayer is so unspeakably precious. Dearest sister, do you not think there is a beautiful connexion between Canticles vii. 13—the latter part of the verse—'Which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved,' and 1 Cor. ii. 9, 'The things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' It seems as if God the Father was there repeating the promise that Jesus had made hundreds of years before. Will you observe that it is Jesus who has laid up the fruits for us? the fruit of His own death and suffering, not of our merit. Oh, Ellie dear! if you might but retain His love, you would be content without any other; nay, more than content—*satisfied*, filled with His fulness. God bless you, dearest. So prays your loving friend and sister in Christ."

It will be observed that in this letter she refers to her enjoyment in prayer. An affecting circumstance, confirmatory of this fact, has transpired since her death. Mr Harris's house is several storeys high, and ascended by a winding staircase. Eliza's room was at the top, and the family sitting-rooms at the bottom. The lady in an adjoining house had for several days missed her servants at a certain hour of the day,

and at length resolved to go in search of them. She found them at the top of the house, intently listening to the voice of supplication which reached them from the nearest window. Being the warm afternoons of July, all the windows were open, and in utter unconsciousness of any earthly listener, Eliza was pouring out her full heart before God. The mistress stayed, and listened with her servants. The opportunity was not long continued. The improvement in Eliza's health was but temporary, and by the end of July, she became too ill to enjoy her loved retirement. One of the rooms on the ground-floor was fitted up for her use. She had neither breath nor strength to ascend the staircase, but she still managed to creep up to the unoccupied drawing-room in the afternoon. It must have been one of the trials of her declining state, that her movements could be no longer so unobserved as formerly, but she could not, through fear or shame, forego that support which had become so doubly necessary.

It was probably about the beginning of July that she went for the last time to read to the blind woman, and she read, with some difficulty, a sermon of Mr Spurgeon's, "There remaineth

therefore *a rest* for the people of God,"—a subject touchingly appropriate to her own nearness to that rest, though as yet she perhaps scarcely realised *how* near.

## IX.

# The Last Stage of the Journey.

---

"No wider is the gate,
  No broader is the way;
No smoother is the ancient path
  That leads to light and day.

"No lighter is the load,
  Beneath whose weight we cry;
No tamer grows the rebel flesh,
  Nor less our enemy.

"No sweeter is the cup,
  Nor less our lot of ill;
'Twas tribulation ages since,—
  'Tis tribulation still.

"No greener are the rocks,
  No fresher flow the rills,
No roses in the wilds appear,
  No vines upon the hills.

"Dawn lingers on yon cliff;
  But oh, how slow to spring!
Morning still nestles on yon wave,
  Afraid to try its wing."

BONAR.

THE progress of Eliza's illness will be best stated in a letter from herself to her friend, Miss D——.

"BEAUFORT LODGE, CLIFTON, 23*d July* 1857.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I am sure you will excuse this scrawl, when I tell you that I am hardly able to sit up. It is our Father's hand, dear friend, and I cannot say that I am sorry. I have been too ill to go to chapel these last two Sundays. Indeed, I feel it as much as I can well do to walk from the bed-room to the sofa, and I seldom get up before dinner-time, sometimes not till tea-time. Dr —— being away, I had our old doctor back again last Monday week, as dear father would not let me stay any longer without advice. I was then suffering from a very bad cough, and a pain through my left lung, weakness, &c. I had a blister on my lung, and, two days after, another on my side. Being able to eat but very little, and taking from six to eight doses of medicine a-day, together with the

blister, made me very weak. I have been out for several drives to get the air, as I could not walk. Oh, dear friend, I thought I could bear sickness so much better! What weak, helpless worms we are! at least *I* am. The thought comes so sickeningly, 'Suppose I may not be in Christ.' I think I can say, 'All my desire is before Thee'—at least I *want* to. Oh that to me to live might be Christ, and to die gain! Oh, dearest, I am so afraid I shall not glorify my precious Saviour!"

About this time she thus writes to her beloved friend at Lambeth:—"When I saw illness in the distance, I thought I could bear it quietly, and gently lie passive in God's hands, but it has come near me, and I tremble. Oh, if I could but feel, as I ought and want to do, how full of love and tenderness the heart of Jesus is! I would give the world, were it possible, to be able to say from my heart, 'Thy will, not mine, be done!' Will you pray for me just now, dear sister, that I may be made willing to be led by Him whatever way He sees best? Oh, Ellie! I cannot yet feel the beauty and preciousness of that promise, that 'neither things present, nor things to come, nor life, nor death, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the

love of God!' I tremble, and am full of unbelief, and the thought comes with intense sickness of heart, 'What wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?'"

Poor fluttering dove! High above those stormy billows floated the ark of heavenly rest, and a loving Hand, unseen by her, was already outstretched to take her in.

Her sufferings at this time were perhaps greater than at a subsequent period. One afternoon, when visited, it was found that she had been unable to rise that day. On being questioned, she said, "Sometimes I get no sleep all night, or if I dose a little from the effect of the pills which are given me, I do not lose the consciousness of pain. I am so thin that the bones are coming through my skin on the right side, and I cannot lie on *that*. I cannot lie on the left side, because then I feel so sharp a pain through that lung, that it is like a sword piercing me. If I lie on my back, I cannot breathe, and I get *so* weary of sitting up." She did not say these things fretfully, however, but expressed her earnest desire to be resigned to the will of God, and spoke much and sweetly of her present support, and her future hopes. She said, "I asked Mr S—— if he thought me in a consump-

tion. I said I did not wish to be deceived. He told me that my lungs were diseased, but that he had known worse cases recover, and that he would do everything he could for me. I am quite sure of that, he is so very kind." She was much attached to her medical friend, and was very unwilling to have further advice, but her parents thought it right to have an additional opinion, and Dr S—— was called in. The remedies prescribed were almost as trying to her as the complaint, and it was a proof of the complete subjugation of her will, that she who would formerly refuse to take the simplest medicine or precaution, was as passive as a lamb under all the wearisome and disagreeable means prescribed. The external application of cod-liver oil, twice a-day, was particularly trying to one of her neat and cleanly habits, and in days gone by, she would, doubtless, have resisted such a prescription, but it was otherwise now. Her aunt was one day present, when Eliza asked her mother's opinion, whether something proposed should or should not be done. "Just as you like, my dear," was the mother's reply. "Yes, dear mother, but that is not enough; I want to know what *you* would like."

The usual fluctuations which attend that fatal

complaint were evident in her case. Sometimes she recovered sufficiently to go out daily in a chair or open carriage, and even occasionally to visit her most intimate friends. The pain of her first attack was mercifully abated, and the constant use of opiates procured sleep. But even under these improved circumstances she never seemed to be altogether deceived as to her own case, or to indulge any decided hope of recovery. The last time she came to her pastor's house, she was distressingly weak. She was brought in a chair, and had to be helped in, and helped out. She seemed very pleased to take tea with the family once more, and yet her look was very pensive, as if she felt that it would be the last time. In the course of the evening, she said, "Dr S—— and Mr S—— came to see me this morning. I begged them to tell me whether they thought I should recover. They said, 'Why not? others worse than you have recovered.' But it does not seem to me that their prescriptions agree with their words. They say I may *eat* anything, and *do* anything. If they gave me less latitude, I should think there was more hope." With her characteristic sincerity, she always said that she rather wished to live, if it were the Lord's will. She thought that she

should be so much missed at home. Besides this, she had always had a dread of bodily pain and dying agony, and in this case she had an especial dread of suffocation. Her fears were mercifully allayed as time passed on, and the thing she most dreaded was never realised.

On the 2d of September, she was delighted by a visit from her dear friend, Miss B——, who was much interested; and imagining that it might be, as indeed it proved, a last interview, on her return home, made a few notes of what passed. Eliza communicated to her the alteration in her father's views, and said, "It is such joy to me to think thus of him. His affection and tenderness are most touching. I like to have the door open between the two rooms, that I may see them at their meals. He always sits where he can see me, and seems to watch every mouthful I take, to see if I appear to enjoy it, and he looks at me to see if I look cheerful and happy."

She remarked, "In health I knew and felt the value of what our Lord said, 'Without me ye can do nothing;' but I never till now learned the full meaning, the whole depth of the word, 'nothing.' He has truly brought me to know what it is, for I am sometimes so weak that I

cannot pray, nor can I read a word of my Bible. It is just '*nothing*' that I am brought to.

"I sometimes feel the power of the Spirit so strongly, that the dearest relatives and friends seem to me as nothing in comparison of Christ. I feel I can leave all for Him. Then at other times I feel so dead and dull, I cannot rise at all above them."

In alluding to the covenant of grace, she said, "That used to give me great enjoyment; and I remember once that passage in the Psalms coming with great force to my mind, 'I will shew them my covenant,' and He did shew it to me. But now I cannot get into such depths. I just go to Him on His promise, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'"

It should be observed that she often deplored the effects of the opiates she was constantly taking, and from which she was never altogether free. Acting on her weak frame, she said they caused alternate excitement or depression, and made her feel in a half dreamy state. She never felt quite herself, and often thought she would rather suffer more to feel bright and clear as formerly. But to this also she submitted, as part of the discipline designed for her.

She was much cheered by the visits of Christian friends, and was most grateful for every attention shewn her. She who had ministered to others, was not suffered to want comforts now. Many kind and thoughtful friends sent her choice fruit, jellies, and other little delicacies. She could not always eat them, but she said, "It did her almost as much good to *look* at them." With her native taste, she used to set out these memorials of affectionate thoughtfulness on the table in her room, and it looked like a tastefully arranged supper table. On one of her best days, having been to visit her aunt, she managed to make her way to the lodging of the blind woman. Exhausted with the effort of creeping thither alone, she looked so ill and altered, that the other poor people in the house were shocked to see her. Slowly, and with difficulty, she ascended the first flight of stairs, had a little conversation with her poor blind friend, and silently left on the table a bunch of beautiful grapes. She still managed on fine days to get to her seat on the Down, and to meet her old women there; and she still exercised an affectionate watchfulness over her young friends, who came to see her frequently.

It was about the end of October, that she one

day called with her mother at the residence of a deceased friend. On their way home, she calmly introduced the subject of her own anticipated removal, and expressed her wishes in reference to the arrangements. She begged not to be carried to the cemetery, but to lie in the grave with her pious grandmother in Clifton churchyard, where those who loved her might go and look at her resting-place. Her grandmother had been, as the reader will remember, a Christian of no common order. Many tears had she shed, many prayers had she offered, on behalf of her son and his infant daughter. Little did she think, that her prayers for her son would one day be answered, through the agency of her little grandchild.

About this time, Miss M. Harris was engaged to visit her friends at Lambeth. Eliza spoke of the privation which her sister's absence would occasion her. "She is so kind; you cannot think *how* kind. She anticipates every want, and observes every look. I shall miss her every hour of the day." Her friend, Miss L——, suggested that M. should be asked to postpone her visit. "Oh, no! no!" she said with fervency, "I feel that I must urge her to go. Who knows but that this visit may be the means of leading her

to decide for Christ? and think what a comfort it would be to dear father when I am gone, to have M. to talk to on such subjects! This hope often comforts me when I think I shall not be with them much longer." To a friend who called on her about the beginning of November, she repeated the same sentiments. She said that she had, on the whole, wished to live, for the sake of those who loved her. She thought they would miss her so much, and she could not bear to imagine their distress. She had, moreover, so *longed* to see them all safe in the same hiding-place to which she had fled, before leaving them. It was suggested that, perhaps, her earnest prayers on behalf of some, might be realised through her death. She smiled, and said, that "she would *willingly* die if such could be the result." There was in her case no rapid transition from the shrinking, incident on her natural timidity, to confident and exulting expectation. But, as she neared the close, there was an increased calmness, which, with her temperament, was more natural and more satisfactory than strong excitement. She too fully realised the solemnity of her position on the brink of eternity, to be able to do more than simply *trust*.

Early in November, she visited her aunt for the last time. She expressed her full persuasion that she should not recover, but thought it possible that she might live till the spring. As the month wore on, there was a visible diminution of strength, and she felt unequal to the exertion of going out any more. As her bodily strength declined, her mind appeared to become clearer, and the last few interviews with her were deeply interesting.

On Saturday, November 21, she wrote the following note to a very young friend. It is believed to have been the last she wrote, and it is interesting, as shewing that the last effort of her pen was to speak of the love and grace of Jesus. The omission of all reference to herself is very striking :—

"MY VERY DEAR A——, I was very pleased to see by your last letter that you have not forgotten what we used to talk about. I hope you never will, A—— dear. I am very glad you have been able to pray more earnestly, and trust you will continue to do so—not that I mean you can pray yourself, for Jesus says, '*Without me*, ye can do *nothing;*' but then you know, dear A——, He is willing to give you the spirit of prayer. Never mind, darling, if you don't

seem to get on very fast. *Don't be discouraged:* ask Jesus to help you, to make you His child; and pray for a *new heart.* He says in Ezekiel, 'A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.' Be sure, A——, you don't leave off praying, and you will be sure to have an answer. I am very sorry you feel so lonely, darling. Try and tell Jesus, for He can so fill your heart with His love, that you will never feel sad or lonely. Write to me as often as you like; whenever you feel sad or troubled. God bless you, dear.—With much love, yours very affectionately, E. A. HARRIS."

Two or three days after this letter was written, a friend who visited her found her sitting on the sofa in her own room, scarcely able to rise. For the first time she stated her conviction that her recovery was absolutely *impossible.* "I *feel,*" she said, "that I can only breathe on one side." But with the unselfish affection which the love of Christ had wrought in her character, and which reminded one of *His* last evening with His disciples, her great concern seemed to be about others. "I am so troubled about dear father," she said; "I am afraid he is still buoying himself up with the idea that I shall recover,

and I am *sure* that I shall not. It was his wedding-day yesterday, and I was a little better, and sat with them. I was able to be cheerful, and father watched me with *such* pleasure. He looked quite enraptured. I am afraid the shock will be the greater. If I could but know that he was undeceived and resigned, I should be more satisfied." She was assured that he was fully alive to her danger, and she seemed relieved. Then she spoke of her dear sister in London, and of her other sisters, and expressed her more than willingness to be, as it were, "offered up" for them.

Once again her pastor saw her. She intimated her conviction that her end was approaching, and expressed her anxiety to glorify God by her death. She thought that if she could but speak to those dear to her when dying, it might leave an impression which her living voice would fail to produce. On Friday night, her mother determined to write to her sister to return. "Do not send for her yet, mother," said Eliza; "let her stay the six weeks." But the mother saw the change, and was firm. M. arrived on the Monday. "You are not come too soon, M. dear," was Eliza's remark as she entered; and so it proved.

## X.

# The City Gate.

---

"That city with the jewell'd crest,
Like some new lighted sun;
A blaze of burning amethyst—
Ten thousand orbs in one;

"Far off as yet, reserved in heaven
Above that veiling sky,
It sparkles like the star of even,
To hope's far-piercing eye.

"Fair vision! how thy distant gleam
Brightens Time's saddest hue;
Far fairer than the fairest dream,
And yet *so strangely true!*"

BONAR.

On Monday morning, November 30, the aunt so often mentioned visited Eliza, and found her calmly arranging her little matters in readiness for the anticipated summons. She spoke of her books. She expressed her wish to give them away, when dying, to her sisters and friends, and should like to write something in each. She looked over the books with her aunt, and decided on their respective appropriation, but did not feel able to write. "And to whom will you leave your Bible?" asked her aunt. The Bible was full of marks from beginning to end. "Indeed, aunt, I can hardly make up my mind. It is so precious, I could not leave it to any one who would not value it. I should like to leave it to dear mother, if I could be sure she would read it. I think if I could get a promise from her when I am *dying*, I should be satisfied. I will try." She thought she might be able to write the names in the books, but the end was nearer than even she supposed.

At twelve that night, her parents disposed

themselves for rest, as best they could, in the adjoining sitting-room. In a little while, she called Mrs Harris in, and said, "I feel so strangely well—so bright." Her mother left her for about half-an-hour, when she was again summoned, and Eliza said, "I feel so ill." Some tea was prepared, and in the course of a few minutes a great change was evident. She said to her mother, "Am I dying?" "Not that I am aware of, my dear." "You would not deceive me?" "No, indeed, I would not." Her feet were cold, and warm water was fetched to put them in. "Never mind my feet," she said, "I am getting cold all over." They proposed to call her father. She objected to his being disturbed, but it was considered needful to call him, and at five he went for their medical friend. She entreated her mother not to leave her. "You will not have me long, perhaps," she added. Mr S—— was there at six. She asked him if she was dying. "No, my child, no;" he replied. He remained two hours, endeavouring to do all he could for her relief.

About nine o'clock in the morning, Dec. 1, she requested her aunt to be sent for. She came immediately. "Aunt, do you think I am dying?" "I do not think that, without some

great change, dear Eliza, you can be with us long." Mr S—— came again, and she asked him earnestly, "Am I dying?" "My child!" he replied, "do not ask me questions which I cannot answer." "Thank you," she said, "that will do. That is all I wanted to know." "Now, aunt," she said as soon as he was gone, "there is no time to be lost. Please to fetch the books." The books were fetched, and placed by her side in readiness. She asked her sisters to bring her letters, glanced at the handwriting of each, and gave a large quantity to be immediately destroyed. The greater part were letters from young friends, communicating their religious feelings or difficulties, and she did not wish their confidence to be violated. She repeated her wish to be interred with her grandmother. "Then we shall rise together, aunt, dear," she added. She then requested her aunt to read to her. A few verses from the Bible were read. She directed her aunt where to find, among her papers, a copy of verses by the late Rev. F. Lyte, and asked to have them read.

"Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

"Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

"Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

"Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

"I need Thy presence every passing hour—
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me!

"I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

"Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!"

Some of the words were so touchingly appropriate to her circumstances, that her aunt could hardly get through them. "Oh, how sweet it is!" she said, as they were concluded. "You will soon be with Him," said her aunt. "I have loved Him *here*," she said; "oh, how I shall love Him when I am *with* Him!"

Mr K—— called accidentally, and offered prayer for her. After his departure, she expressed a wish to see her pastor. A little pencil note was sent to his house:—

"DEAR SIR,—My dear child is going fast. Can you come to her?

"J. H."

The unexpected summons was soon obeyed. To those who now came without earlier intimation, the scene was indescribably affecting. Many weeping friends were gathered round, but she no longer wept. The life of the body was ebbing fast, but the quenchless spirit still maintained its supremacy. The pallor of death was on her countenance, and she was labouring for breath; but as one and another entered, she welcomed each with a smile, such as is only seen on the face of the dying Christian, and which has in it more of heaven than of earth. She

stretched out her arms to her female friends, and held up her cold cheek to be kissed. The ruling passion, for the conversion of others, was indeed strong in death. As one of the little girls, mentioned page 79, came for her turn, she said, "Oh that I could speak!" Then mentioning her young friend by name, she said, with a solemnity of manner which gave to the simplest words unutterable power, "*Don't* forget! Oh, *don't forget!*" The other little friend came. She clasped her with warm affection, and a little note of love, as she kissed her for the last time. Mr L—— asked her for her favourite text. She looked up at him, and said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." It was on that promise that she had first found footing when emerging from the "Slough of Despond;" she had rested on it through long months of weakness and suffering, and she found it equal to sustain her now that her feet touched the brink of Jordan. She laboured for breath to speak again. "Now, what do you wish to say?" asked Mr L——; "is it to tell us to follow Jesus as you have done?" "Oh, no, no!" she said, with energy, "*much* more, *much* more!" He proposed prayer. She hesitated, and then said, "Will you be so kind as to wait till I am

ready?" She was rousing herself for that which she had specially proposed to herself as her dying work. She requested to be raised up higher, asked for a cushion from the other room, and arranged herself for this solemn duty. Then taking her Bible, she placed it open before her, turned over its loved pages once more, and waited to get breath. The bystanders watched and wondered. At length she spoke. "Mother," she said, with the deepest emphasis, "there is nothing *in the whole world* that I value —as I value this precious book—*Dying*, I leave it to you—*Keep* it for my sake—and *read* it for my sake." Her weeping mother gave the promise. This done, she reclined on her pillow, and said to her minister, "Now I am ready."

After prayer, she tried to tell Mr L—— that a night or two previous, as was understood, she had fancied herself in the presence of her beloved Lord—that, overpowered by the sight, she said to Him, in the words of Solomon's Song, "Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me." "And yet," she added, with a bright and happy look, "it seemed to me as if I must look at Him more and more. I was the more surprised, for I had been pleading for some one else." Presently she remarked, "I have been

afraid latterly to pray that I might live, even if it were His will, lest, after all, I might have a will of my own in that."

She gave away each book without mistake, according to her original selection, as each relative and friend approached her; and about two o'clock she took leave of each of her sisters separately. To M., after embracing her, she said, "Meet me in heaven." To S. she said, "S., your sister is dying, but, oh, if I were dying without Jesus!" Her father held her in his arms for hours. She seemed peculiarly to belong to him, and at times he wept over her with an emotion which could not be restrained. She stroked his hand tenderly, and said, "My precious, precious father, you must go to the Fountain." At that moment her mother re-entered. "Oh mother, come! Come too! come too!" she said, meaning "to Jesus."

To a friend who entered about three o'clock, she turned and said, "Hastening home!" Her difficulty of breathing and restlessness were increasing, and she asked her weeping parents "if it was allowable to pray for death?" It was a trying question for *them*. "Better leave it with the Lord," they wisely said. Her mind was so clear, and her voice so strong, that it was feared

a long struggle might yet be before her. She looked up, and said, "If it be possible"—the rest was unheard below, but it was heard in heaven. Some twenty minutes more of panting and weariness, and then the dew of death was seen to gather on her brow. She said, "Raise me up, higher, higher!" Then putting all aside, as if she felt that she must plunge into the cold river alone, she leaned back. There came one convulsive pang, like the rending asunder of soul and body, and all was still! Her eyelids gently dropped—the look of weariness and anguish passed away—her countenance resumed more than the peaceful look of health, and all thought that she was gone. But as her head reclined gently on the pillow, it was observed that pulsation had not ceased. There was deep silence, but she passed away so gently that none could tell which was her last sigh.

The blind woman listened vainly for the sound of her gentle footfall on the staircase; the poor old woman of ninety-four wandered on the Down, and wondered that she came not; her place by her mother's side was empty, and her father's heart was desolate, but what they had lost, heaven had won, and again Bunyan's words recurred to mind:—

"Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But, behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth and entered the river, beckoning her farewell to those that followed her. The last words she was heard to say, were, 'I come, Lord, to be with Thee!' So her sisters and friends returned to their place, for those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of sight."

Eliza's remains are, according to her request, interred with those of her revered grandmother, in Clifton churchyard. One stone marks their resting-place, and under Eliza's name is one short text, the only epitaph which seemed descriptive of her history and of her end, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain" (Phil. i. 21).

THE END.

BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

# BOOKS FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

---

PASSING CLOUDS: or, Love Conquering Evil. A Book for Young People. Woodcuts. 18mo, 2s. 6d., cloth.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By JOHN BUNYAN. With Twenty large Illustrations, drawn on Wood by GEORGE THOMAS. Crown 4to, 7s. 6d., cloth; 10s. 6d., coloured, cloth extra.

THE STORY OF BETHLEHEM: a Book for the Young. By the Author of "Memories of Bethany," &c. With Illustrations by GEO. THOMAS. Crown 8vo.

LITTLE SUSY AND HER SIX BIRTHDAYS. By HER AUNT SUSAN. A Book for Very Little Children. With Plates by ABSOLON. Crown 8vo.

THE LILIES OF THE VALLEY, AND OTHER TALES. By the Author of "The Story of a Drop of Water," &c. Woodcuts. 18mo, 2s. 6d., cloth.

SUNDAY READING FOR FARM BOYS, Founded on the Church Catechism. With a Preface by the Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH. 18mo, 2s., cloth.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST PAUL. Being a Life of the Apostle, designed for Youth. By the Author of "The Faithful Promiser," &c. Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

EVENING HOURS WITH MY CHILDREN: or, Conversations on the Gospel Story. Illustrated with Twelve large Coloured Engravings, by GILBERT. Demy 4to, plain, 3s. 6d.; coloured, 5s.

KENNETH FORBES: or, Fourteen Ways of Studying the Bible. A Book for the Young. 18mo, 2s. 6d., cloth.

THE YOUNG MAROONERS ON THE FLORIDA COAST. By F. R. GOULDING. With Six Illustrations. Small crown 8vo, 2s., cloth.

AUNT EFFIE'S GIFT TO THE NURSERY. By the Author of "The Dove on the Cross." With Illustrations. 16mo, 1s. 6d., cloth.

WHAT AUNTY SAW IN SCOTLAND. By Mrs TONNA. 18mo, 1s. 6d., cloth.

ELLEN MONTGOMERY'S BOOK-SHELF. By the Authors of "The Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," &c. Vols. I., II., III., and IV., each 1s. 6d., cloth.

INFANT PIETY. A Book for Little Children. By the Hon. and Rev. B. W. NOEL, M.A. Fourth Edition. 18mo, 1s. 6d., cloth.

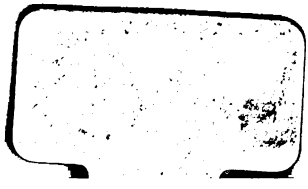
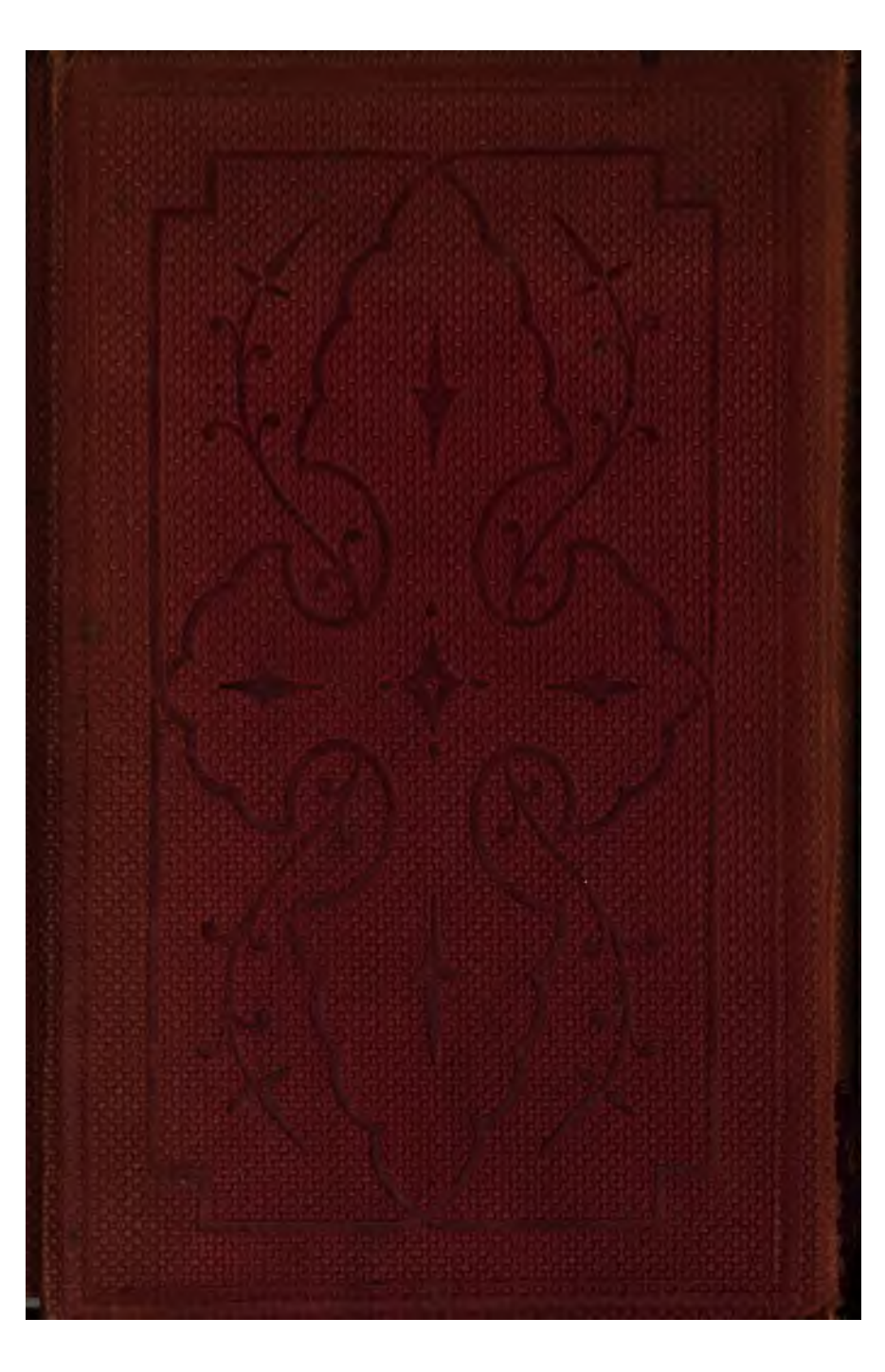
AUNT EDITH: or, Love to God the Best Motive. 12mo, 2s. 6d., cloth.

MABEL GRANT. A Highland Story. By RANDALL H. BALLANTYNE. 18mo, 1s. 6d., cloth.

TRUE TALES FOR SPARE HOURS. Imperial 32mo, 1s. 6d., cloth.

FEED MY LAMBS: The Young Mother's First Book. A Selection of the simplest Texts, simply explained. By A MOTHER. 16mo, 2s. 6d., cloth.

---

LONDON: JAMES NISBET AND CO.

BOUNDY
WESTLEY'S
& Co
LONDON